

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER



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MISS HARRIET HOSMER.

HARRIET HOSMER, daughter of Hiram Hosmer, a highly respected physician, and Sarah W. Grant, was born at Watertown, Mass., Oct. 9, 1830. She is the only surviving child of four—having lost an only sister in her fourteenth year, and two brothers, of phthisis. Her mother died many years since.

Her early youth was distinguished chiefly for its activity, independence, and restless love of liberty. The loss of her mother, the death of her brothers and sisters, the ceaseless occupation of her father in his profession, threw her much upon herself in childhood, while her exposure to the family disease made her love of the open air and her distaste for regular occupation, as much a part of parental policy as of filial inclination. Her natural courage and indifference to criticism, grafted on her licensed youth, gave her many habits not usual with girls. She learned the use of the gun, and shot birds, which she afterwards stuffed and prepared with all the skill of a taxidermist; she climbed trees, rode spirited horses, walked great distances, and cultivated fearless and self-protecting habits. A strong love of fun led her into considerable mischief, and her practical jokes were the common talk of the village of Watertown, Mass., where she lived, and of the neighboring city of Boston.

As early as eight or ten years, she showed indications of her taste for art, having drawn a picture of the Unitarian church which she attended, and where Dr. Francis, brother of the celebrated Mrs. Child, whose genius has encouraged Miss Hosmer's kindred gifts from an early period, was the pastor, and no doubt the unconscious nourisher of her original powers. A strong taste for nature and natural history accompanied her love for drawing. She collected, while at school, in solitary excursions between daylight and school hours, the nests of seventy different species of birds, and, on one occasion, returned, torn and bruised, with the trophy of a crow's nest (still preserved by her father) which she had climbed forty feet to reach, sawing off the branch that held it from its topmost place on the tree.

Having tried a celebrated school in Boston, with no profit to herself, doubtless from her own indocility, she was sent at seventeen to Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school, in Lenox, a position perfectly adapted to her wants. Here she met the care of a lady whose insight, firmness, gentleness and liberality of views were precisely suited to her needs. Her genius was fed, while her habits were corrected and her character formed. She did not readily submit to authority, but her native sense, after a time, taught her the wisdom and propriety of obedience, when demanded by superior worth and sense.

The influence of Mrs. Sedgwick's school, where Harriet remained three years, was most benignant and decisive. There, too, she formed an intimacy with a young lady from St. Louis, whose father has done more than anybody to extend a substantial patronage to Miss Hosmer's genius.

Before going to Lenox, she had, at sixteen, begun with oil painting under Mr. John Greenough, but she early declared painting not to be the highest form of art, and was ambitious of learning sculpture.

Her first serious attempt was the modelling of Cymbeline, from an engraving. Succeeding beyond her expectations, she attempted several ideal heads. A diminished copy of Canova's colossal bust

of Napoleon, now in possession of her father, was her first effort in marble.

Next, visiting Mr. Crow's family at St. Louis, she studied anatomy in Dr. McDowell's dissecting room, and, in her gratitude, made a bust of her instructor, now in Mr. Crow's possession.

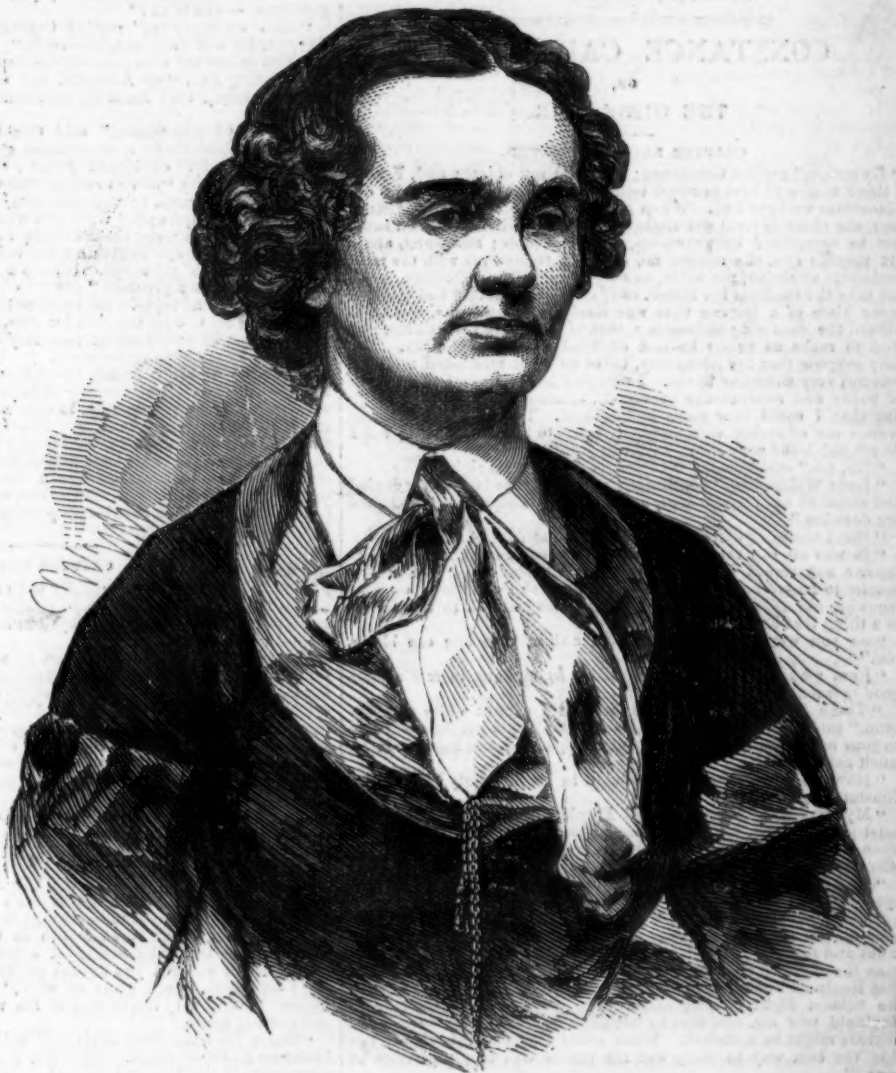
The work which first attracted public attention was Hesper, belonging to Miss Mary Coolidge of Boston.

Daphne and Medusa, two busts to satisfy an order from Mr. Samuel Appleton, followed. Mr. Longfellow is said to be a great admirer of the Medusa.

Her first statue was Enone Deserted by Paris, now in the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, deposited by Mr. Crow, her great benefactor.

A bust of Mrs. Cass, at Rome, and one or two others, occupied her about this time. It ought to have been previously stated that she went to Rome with her father in September, 1852, where she remained five years, having returned on a visit of three months in

July last, and sailed again for Europe, October 24th, in expectation of three years' absence. Her health, as well as her opportunity, is so much better in Rome than in America, that she makes the great sacrifice of her father's society and her native land to this double necessity. On first arriving at Rome, she went with her father to the celebrated John Gibson's studio, with a letter from Mr. John Story, the sculptor. Upon looking at a



MISS HARRIET HOSMER, THE AMERICAN LADY SCULPTOR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

daguerreotype of Hesper, Gibson exclaimed at once, "Leave her with me; I will do what I can for her." And he has fulfilled his promise. His interest, care, encouragement, instruction, have been of priceless importance. In his studio Miss Hosmer has remained, and to it she returns for another winter at least.

Puck, perhaps the only one of her works in which the rich humor of her mind has appeared, was her next effort. It is owned by Mr. Samuel Hooper of Boston. Two copies of it, if we mistake not, exist in marble.

Her last work yet seen in this country is Beatrice Cenci, now exhibiting in Boston, and soon to be brought to New York, and placed in a post of honor in the English Gallery in Tenth street, to which the courtesy of Mr. Ruxton has invited it. The Cenci was the most attractive piece in the exhibition at the Royal Academy, London, this last spring, and drew forth great encomiums on the statue, and lavish attention on the sculptress during her short visit to England, on her way home to America.

Her last work, of which the model was left in the hands of her workmen when she left Rome, and which is probably awaiting her finishing touch, is a monumental statue, in memory of a beautiful young French girl, to be placed in a Roman church—an honor now first granted to the work of a Protestant.

Several medallions and busts are not enumerated in this list.

Miss Hosmer returns with several orders from America and England, and it is to be expected that her rare genius will attract more and more the attention and support of her countrymen.



BEATRICE CENCI, IN PRISON THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION. BY MISS HOSMER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ANDERSON, ROME.

If we add that this young lady possesses great directness and force of character, a fund of humor, a capacity for study, a high ambition, a rare self-control; that she is unaffected by flattery, and not deceived by success; that she forms no overweening conception either of what she has done or can do; it will be credited that a noble future is before her, if life and health are spared her.

The Beatrice Cenci belongs to Mr. Crow of St. Louis, and is to be placed by that liberal citizen (if we are correctly informed) in the Mercantile Library at St. Louis. We advise our readers not to fail to see it at the English Exhibition, where, in the course of next week, it will be placed. Our engraving, accurate as it is, can give only an imperfect idea of the charm of the statue itself.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone
If I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I wait for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, hearing it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
These may shew never share!
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whose'er you be,
And oh! pray too for me.

CONSTANCE CARROLTON;

OR,

THE GIPSY HEIR.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"EXACTLY," replied Constance; "that is my object; and, Frank, I think it may be best to avoid telling Lady Willoughby of the explanations we have had. When I first left poor and almost friendless, she chose to treat our engagement as a childish affair that could not be recognized by grown-up, sensible people; and when, about six months ago, she sought me out, and treated me with the most assiduous attention, my pride, as well as my altered feelings, made me take the cue from her former conduct. Mr. Smedley had dropped some hints of a fortune that was likely to come to me, and I imagined the dear old gentleman meant to make me his heiress, and that to make us happy he had confided it to your mother. You may suppose that her friendship, based on such interested motives, was not very flattering to me. I accepted her overtures as a matter of policy and convenience to myself, because it was only through her that I could hear news of Reginald. You may be inclined to accuse me of acting with duplicity equal to her own in this; but I do not think the accusation would be just."

"No, no," said Frank; "I think you were quite right."

"Lady Willoughby," continued Constance, "had definitely denied and annulled our engagement, and your long silence had confirmed her decision."

"But I wrote repeatedly, you know," he said, warmly.

"It was all the same, as far as I was concerned, because your mother suppressed your letters," said Constance. "When she sought to renew her acquaintance with me she said not a word of renewing our engagement, and I think I was justified in treating it as a thing that had never existed."

"So you were," said Frank, with a sigh, "no one can blame you."

"I am glad you say so, because I am so anxious to retain your good opinion," said Constance.

"There is one thing, Constance, that I cannot quite comprehend," said Frank. "How is it, that with all this weight of anxiety on your mind, you can go out to so many parties, and indulge in so much gaiety?"

"How do you know that I indulge in much gaiety?" inquired Constance.

"My mother told me," replied Frank; "and warned me that I must not lose time, for you already have plenty of admirers, and when it became known that you had a large fortune you would have offers of marriage by the dozen."

"And you listened to that prudent advice, and would have acted upon it?" said Constance.

"Why," continued Frank, "you know I thought you still had an affection for me, and upon my word I was not aware, till you found it out and told me of it, that my feelings towards you had undergone the slightest change. And then, again, how could I suspect that Reginald knew anything about you before I told him? Could the wildest flight of imagination have guessed the truth? And Reginald told me, too, that he left all to you, that my mother's objections might be removed. What could I think, you know, but that the best way to carry out his wishes was to get married at once?"

"That is satisfactory enough," said Constance; "and I see that your conduct was perfectly natural, though rather hasty. And now I will tell you why I have indulged in gaiety. It has been simply that I might meet and converse with officers from the Crimea who could tell me anything about Reginald. The gaiety has not been of the most exhilarating character, I can assure you."

"Poor girl!" said Frank, with glistering eyes. "I can well believe it! But now you will hear enough of him from me. I shall never tire of talking about him. Not a day passed without his performing some generous action, or doing good to some one, even to one of the enemy. One day we had had some skirmishing, and he, as usual, lent his gigantic strength to help in bringing our wounded men back. The place where we had been at it was a mile beyond our outposts, and the enemy had fallen back from it too. Well, just at dusk Reginald came to me to borrow a lantern that I had got, so of course I asked what he wanted it for. And then he told me that among the Russians who were left dead where we had been fighting, there was an officer who was not dead, and who spoke English well. He told Reginald he had a young wife, and a little son a few weeks old whom he had never seen. 'And now, perhaps,' he added, 'I never shall see him.' So Reginald bound up the Russian's wounded leg with his handkerchief and whatever else he could lay his hands on, and placed him as comfortably as he could in a thicket, that our fellows might not carry him off as a prisoner, and now he wanted the lantern to find him, and help him on to his own people. I tried all I could to dissuade him, for I feared he might get shot; but he only smiled, and said, 'If I am, Frank, I cannot die at a better time, nor in a better service. A man who is killed in battle dies in the service of his country, but a man who is killed in the performance of an act of humanity dies in the service of God. If I don't return, give my love to your wife—to Constance Carrolton—and may you both be happy!' Still I tried to keep him from going, but it was all of no use. I dare say you know how determined he was. I begged him to take some men with him and bring the Russian back, for he would be well treated with us, though a prisoner; but he shook his head, and said, quite reproachfully, 'That young wife, Frank! and turned to go. Then I said I would go with him.'

"Dear Frank!" sobbed Constance, amid her tears. "I was expecting that! I thought you would say so!"

"It was all of no use," continued Frank; "he would not suffer me to go. One, he said, could go with comparative safety, where two would be almost certain to run into destruction. Besides, he said, I had some one to live for, which made my life valuable; whereas he had nobody to care for him."

"What a mistake!" sighed Constance.

"So—the end of it all was that he would go alone," said Frank; "and alone he did go. He carried with him water, and brandy, and wine, and bread, besides the lantern and some bandages. I determined to keep watch till his return; but oh! you cannot imagine how weary a fellow feels after being on duty all the night before! I got a book and sat on the edge of my bed, and began to read, but I could not have been at it many minutes before I fell back fast asleep. The first thing that roused me was Reginald putting my legs upon the bed, for they were dangling over the side in a most uncomfortable way, and covering me over with the bed-clothes. I heaped all manner of abuse upon myself for being such a selfish brute as to sleep while he was in danger; but he only laughed, and assured me there had been no danger at all. He had found the Russian officer just as he had left him, and the bandages had kept pretty well in place. He gave him bread soaked in brandy, and then got him on his back, and carried him to the Russian outposts. The sentries were amazed, but treated Reginald with great respect when their officer had spoken to them, and there he left him, praying Heaven to give him an opportunity of proving his gratitude. There now—can any one else tell you such an anecdote of your Reginald? Will you not stay with me rather than go to parties?"

"I shall not go to so many, certainly," replied Constance; "but there is one at which I shall meet a gentleman whom I very much wish to see, and as it does not take place for a fortnight, perhaps you may be able to go too. You will be certain to have an invitation when it is known that you have returned. There is a great demand for Crimean heroes."

"It is fortunate for many of us that everybody does not judge our heroism by so high a standard as you do, Constance," he replied, "or some who now get praise and honors would only receive blame and contempt."

"I hope you will forgive me, Frank, for so misjudging you," said Constance; "but it was owing to your mother having told me you were returning almost solely on account of—of—getting married, in fact."

"It's a very hard case," said Frank, "to be compelled to blush for one's mother; but I must own that I am heartily ashamed of mine. However, it's not the first time by many, so you need not feel uncomfortable about it. I have no doubt I shall be able to go with you to this ball. Hobbling is thought very becoming now-a-days. You have not told me why you are so anxious to meet this gentleman—who is he?"

"He is an Austrian," replied Constance; "but I understand of a very noble and honorable character."

"You amuse me with your distinctions, Constance," said Frank, interrupting her, "an Austrian, but an honorable man! Do you mean to imply that Austrian gentlemen are not usually honorable men?"

"Perhaps I was wrong," said Constance. "One is so apt to judge of individuals by their national character."

"Oh, that's it!" exclaimed Frank; "now I can agree with you; and I am perfectly willing to admit that an individual Austrian may be an honorable man, though nationally a scamp and coward of the most neutral-tinted dye. Well, and what about this gentleman?"

"He has been among the Russians in the Crimea," replied Constance; "and I hope to obtain some information from him respecting the English prisoners. I have a sort of feverish hope that Reginald may be a prisoner."

Frank made no reply. He could not for a moment entertain the same hope, for had he not seen his friend's corpse consigned to the grave? But he would not prematurely dispel the flattering illusion to which she clung so desperately.

Constance saw the feeling that caused his silence, and her eyes filled with tears. To hide the rising emotion she started up and sought out Lady Willoughby, to announce her intention of accepting Miss Brownlow's invitation. Her ladyship had herself stood too much upon points of etiquette for her to make any objections to this arrangement; so she contented herself with patting Constance's cheek, and calling her a dear little prude. Constance despatched a note to Miss Brownlow, and the same evening saw her established under that lady's protection in a snug little house in Mayfair.

CHAPTER XXV.

FRANK WILLOUGHBY was a daily visitor at Mayfair, much to his mother's satisfaction, who supposed that the whole of the time he spent with Constance was employed in making progress in his matrimonial speculation.

Miss Brownlow, being a woman of a very different stamp, was taken into the young people's confidence, and having a Banshee in her own family, was much impressed by Constance's account of the death-wail of the Ravenscroft's, and fully agreed with her in believing that the last descendant of the original stock would not die without the usual warning. If Constance had felt comforted by Oliver's expressions of faith, how much more consolation and support did she derive from the concurrence of a woman of sense and education like Miss Brownlow!

The evening of Mrs. Livingstone's party, where Constance hoped to meet the Austrian, at length arrived. Frank had promised his assistance, as he could ask more direct questions than she could put with propriety.

The rooms were crowded, but the Austrian had not arrived. Frank strove to enliven his companion's drooping spirits, and Miss Brownlow whispered words of comfort in her other ear.

"I trust I shall not be so foolish as to faint," said Constance; "let me sit in this quiet corner for a few moments, and then, my dear friend, I will ask you to take me home."

"I will fetch you a glass of wine," said Frank, and away he limped, looking very interesting in his uniform, with his pale face and slender figure.

"There are some fresh arrivals," said Miss Brownlow, "but I heard no Austrian name. However, if you think you can be left with safety, I will just go and see who they are."

"Pray do," said Constance, eagerly; "I can be left quite safely, and I will not stir till you return."

Constance sat in the dreary solitude of the crowd. Immediately after Miss Brownlow's departure she became aware that the fresh arrivals were a party from a *bal costumé*, who were expected to show themselves and pass an hour or two. The music was struck up again; dancing was renewed with redoubled animation; the whole scene swam before her like a troubled dream, over which chronology brooded like a nightmare. Charles the Second whirled past, whispering characteristic gallantries to a young damsel in the costume of the nineteenth century. Henry the Eighth was polking with Miss Brown, while Mary, Queen of Scots, some three hundred years after her execution, skipped lightly, and flirted while she skipped, with Captain Dashwood of the Hussars. Then there were plenty of Turks talking perfectly vernacular English, and one or two young Turkish ladies, who suffered their unveiled faces to be gazed on by crowds of infidels, fearless of the bowstring, the sack, and the Bosphorus.

Constance's eyes were fixed anxiously on the spot where Frank disappeared. A weight which she could scarcely endure oppressed her spirits, and she watched for his return, to conduct her to Miss Brownlow's carriage. She could sit there, she thought, in the cool air of the street, and if she did faint, there would be no one to see her. A deep sigh fell on her ear. She turned, and saw standing beside her a tall figure, which she immediately recognized as one of the maskers, habited as a "Friar of Orders Gray." His cowl was drawn over the upper part of his face, and from beneath it hung a long white beard. As he drew nearer to her she observed that his movements were slow and faltering, and that he leaned heavily on his staff for support.

"Have I been rightly informed, young lady," he said, in a deep sepulchral tone, "that you are Miss Carrolton?"

"Constance Carrolton?" repeated the stranger, interrogatively.

"That is my name," she replied, hardly able to repress the agitation that she felt.

"Yes—yes!" she replied.

"Then I have a message to deliver to you from one who fell in the East," said the stranger. "May I be permitted to sit beside you?"

Constance tried to gasp out her consent, but could only indicate it with her hand.

"I must apologise for not raising my hood," said the stranger, sitting near enough to be heard without difficulty, but not so near as to appear obtrusive. "I too have been a soldier, and have a wound on my face, which renders me for the present unspeakable to ladies' eyes."

"Make no excuse, sir," said Constance, "but tell me, I entreat of you, what was the message?"

"Do you not ask who sent it?" inquired the stranger.

"I know—I know too well!" replied Constance. "It could be but one."

"The name of him who gave me this message was Reginald Ravenscroft," said the stranger.

"Was!" repeated Constance, clasping her hands in agony; "oh, do not say was! It is his name, for I am sure he is not—cannot—must not be dead!"

"I was present when he fell," said the friar. "His last words were a prayer for your happiness, and the message which he desired me to deliver to you if ever I had the opportunity, was to ask you to pray for him sometimes at the grave on the sea-beach; to think of him with as much kindness as you can; and to take care of his horse and dog, the only living creatures that loved him. Also (and here the friar's voice had a hard and constrained tone in it), he desires that you will speedily marry the man you love, and may you be happy with him!"

The stranger rose and turned to go, but Constance's broken words detained him.

"The man I love is dead!" she exclaimed. "Frank Willoughby is as a brother to me. I love Reginald Ravenscroft! But he is dead, you say, and I will have no other husband. Oh, Reginald! Reginald!"

The words seemed writhed with agony from her bosom. She spread out her arms as if seeking support, and fell forward on the floor.

Frank and Miss Brownlow were close at hand, and they raised her before her fall had attracted much notice. Neither of them had particularly remarked the friar, who mixed with the crowd on their appearance. A side door was near, and through this Frank managed to convey the senseless girl, notwithstanding his lameness. The cool air revived her, and she crawled down to the carriage, without making any commotion among the visitors.

Miss Brownlow herself superintended the operation of putting her to bed, and left her apparently asleep. But Constance's grief required to withdraw itself from every eye, even the kindest and most sympathetic, and the night was passed in tears and wakefulness.

Miss Brownlow's maid entered her mistress's room rather earlier than usual, and in answer to the lady's inquiry after Miss Carrolton's health, presented to her a note, saying she supposed Miss Carrolton was better, as she was able to take a journey.

"A journey!" said Miss Brownlow. "What do you mean? Where is she gone?"

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the servant; "only she set off about eight o'clock this morning, and told Susan to let you have this note as soon as you were awake."

"Draw back the curtains, Goodwin," said Miss Brownlow. "I want to know what is amiss."

The note was as follows:

"You know all the feelings of my heart, my dear friend—all my hopes and all my sorrows; and therefore I need not apologise for my abrupt departure further than by explaining the cause of it. Last night I spoke with one who saw him fall, and received his last words and a message to me. I have no doubt now—no hope. I shall depart in half an hour for St. Oysth's, for I cannot endure even a look of sympathy at present. Among the scenes that are endeared to me by—[The page was here rendered illegible by the tears that had fallen upon it.] I cannot write more now. In a few days you shall hear from me again."

"Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE CARROLTON."

By the time this note was read there were fresh tears upon it, and then the warm-hearted old lady (she was an Irishwoman) lay down and sobbed for an hour. Perhaps some early recollections were aroused by Constance's sorrows; perhaps it was only the warm impulsive Hibernian blood and glowing imagination that so readily made another's woes her own.

Goodwin was just ascending the stairs with a cup of tea for her mistress when a thundering double knock at the street door caused her to stop and listen. There was something remarkable in the knock. It was not the performance of a footman; it was some impetuous gentleman in a violent hurry. Such a knock was sure to be answered promptly, and in a moment she heard Frank Willoughby's voice, asking for Miss Carrolton. A dialogue ensued between the impatient young soldier and the porter, in which the humble tones of the latter being lost in a confused murmur, only the speeches of the former were distinguishable; but from them Goodwin could gather the sense of the whole.

"Gone!—gone where?"—A murmur.

"What the deuce! Eight o'clock this morning! And left no message!"—Murmur.

"Is Miss Brownlow up yet?"—Murmur.

"Never mind! I must see her! It's an affair of life and death, and a great deal more besides. Where's her maid?"

Another murmur, followed by a bounding and hopping up the stairs, accompanied by muttered imprecations upon his lame leg, and Frank stood beside the lady's maid outside Miss Brownlow's chamber door.

"So your mistress is not up yet, Goodwin?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the servant.

"Tell her I want to speak to her on a most important subject," said Frank. "I'll keep my eyes shut, or be blindfolded, if she will only admit me for just two minutes."

"Goodwin! who is there?" called the lady from within.

"It's Captain Willoughby, ma'am, wanting particularly to speak to you."

"Has anything dreadful happened?" cried Miss Brownlow, quite forgetting, in her anxiety about Constance, to consider whether her nightcap was becomingly arranged. "Oh, Frank, make haste and tell me what it is! Has she done anything rash?"

"It seems rather rash to bolt so suddenly," said Frank, advancing into the room; "but what I want to know is where is she gone?"

"Read that note," said Miss Brownlow. "That's all I know about it."

Frank read it, sitting on the edge of the old lady's bed. Then he whispered a few words to her, that Goodwin might not hear what he said. A short colloquy followed in the same cautious tones, and Frank took his leave, descending the staircase with wonderful rapidity by a means which I am sorry to have to record of an officer in Her Majesty's army—namely, sliding down the balusters.

The moment Frank was gone Miss Brownlow jumped up and dressed in a great hurry. During the whole of the day she bustled and fidgeted about, and seemed to be expecting somebody to come or something to happen; yet no one unusual called upon her, and nothing particular occurred. She went to bed with great deliberation, as though she might receive a summons at any stage of the proceedings; and the following morning she got up early in a hurry, and was in a hurry till the afternoon, when she received a telegraphic message, at which she laughed immoderately at intervals for the rest of the day. And yet there seemed nothing very witty or humorous in the message, for it contained only these words—"Frank Willoughby to Miss Brownlow. All's serene."

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT an early hour on the same day that Miss Brownlow received the telegraphic message from Frank Willoughby, the unhappy mistress of St. Oysth's Priory wandered through the garden, now her own property. She had arrived late on the previous night, and had lain awake till the dawn. The few servants who remained had welcomed her with tears. Hector alone seemed joyful, and even he, after his first salutation, looked wistfully in her face, and whined, and asked as plainly as dog could ask, where was his master?

As Constance wandered about the well known garden paths, the faithful animal followed her with drooping head, sympathising with her grief.

"Hector," she said, in a plaintive voice, "where is your master?"

The dog seemed to understand her, and whined piteously.

"I have not seen Ganymede yet, Hector," she continued, as though the creature could comprehend her words. "He shall come out here with us. He misses his master too."

She went into the library and rang the bell. Oliver obeyed the summons.

"Tell the groom to bring Mr. Reginald's horse, Ganymede, round into the garden," said Constance.

She returned to the garden, and if she had been able to take any heed of time, she would have found that her orders were not obeyed.

very promptly. But she sat on the grass beside the stream, watching the sparkling eddies with a vacant eye, in that stagnant condition of mind, which only those who have suffered deep and hopeless sorrow can fully comprehend, and which makes them feel, when aroused from it, how blessed a thing insanity or death must be.

The delay was caused by Oliver's having heard a ring at the outer gate, as he passed by to take the message to the stables, and his stopping to answer it.

A post-chaise was outside, and a young, military-looking man, with bright blue eyes and chestnut hair, stood at the wicket.

"Is Miss Carrolton here?" he demanded, impatiently.

"Yes, sir," replied the old servant.

"Is she well?" was the next inquiry.

A head, much muffled in a travelling cloak and cap, was bent forward in the chaise, as if to catch the replies.

"She's not exactly ill, sir," said Oliver, "but I can't say she is well. I am sure she can't see any visitors, sir."

"We'll see about that," was the half laughing reply. "Your name is Oliver, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said Oliver, just preparing to draw back and shut the wicket, for he began to suspect an invasion from the heir-at-law.

"Just come to the chaise door, then, will you, to speak to this gentleman," said the military looking man who had hitherto addressed him.

"Thank you, sir," replied the cautious old servant, "but perhaps the gentleman will have the kindness to state his business before I leave my mistress's gate unguarded."

The head in the chaise bent forward again, the cap was off, and the collar of the cloak pulled down.

"Oliver!" said the voice belonging to the head; and the old man sprang forward with the activity of youth, and clung trembling to the chaise door.

"Oh come! I say—I say," cried the young military man, holding Oliver by the arm lest he should fall, "keep up, man! Why, this is too much for him!"

The postillions were twisting themselves round in their saddles, trying to see what was going on, but all they could make out was that the military gentleman opened the chaise door and pushed Oliver in, but stood outside himself while the three held a conference in subdued but cheerful tones. Oliver then jumped out, with a "Yes, sir! yes, sir! It shall be done directly!" and ran back into the courtyard, leaving the wicket open behind him.

The postillions were then paid and dismissed, somewhat dissatisfied at not having been able to unravel the mystery.

The garden was too remote from the entrance hall for Constance to hear the sound of the wheels, and if it had reached her it would have fallen upon unheeding ears, as she sat, mechanically caressing Hector's soft ears with one hand, and with the other plucking blades of grass and setting them to float on the stream. For the time she was in a state of harmless and unrepulsive idleness.

At the sound of a horse's hoofs on the gravelled path she started as from a sleep, and stared round her.

"Shall I bring him on to the grass, miss?" asked the groom who was leading Ganymede. "I'm afraid he'll cut up the turf sadly."

"I do not care for the turf. Bring him here," she replied, and took the bridle from him. "Thank you, John. That will do. You can go now. I will send for you when I want you to take him back."

The groom looked dubious; scratched his head, shook it slowly, and then retreated; for there was a dignity in Constance's grief that commanded implicit obedience.

"He will not come for thy calling, poor Ganymede," said Constance, caressing his neck. But now the dog began again, and his demonstrations were so singular that they attracted her attention.

He was crouching on the ground, trembling till every hair seemed to quiver distinctly, and dragging himself towards some object behind her, uttered the most piteous sounds. The horse neighed again and stretched his yearning neck in the same direction.

Constance turned, and there stood the figure she had seen at the ball—the "Friar of Orders Gray." The cowl was still drawn over his face, but he no longer leaned feebly on his staff, but stood, with folded arms, drawn up to his full majestic height. Another change she also noticed—the white beard was gone, and in its place a thick black one was plainly visible.

It was now Constance's turn to tremble. She stood fixed, gazing at the figure. Still it moved not. She rubbed her eyes; but it did not vanish. And the dog was now at his feet, licking them; but he did not notice him. The horse, released from her gentle hold, approached him, and whined a soft recognition; but he did not move. At length the arms unfolded themselves. He took one step forward and extended them. Constance shrieked out the name of Reginald, and sprang into the friar's embrace.

"My darling! my own darling!" murmured a deep, well known voice, as the cowl bent down and covered her face also. Then from beneath it proceeded a most unfamiliar-like sound; for the friar was certainly kissing her, and she as certainly made no resistance, though I should be sorry to say she kissed him in return. "My dearest one! my own Constance!" he murmured again.

"How could you be so cruel as to tell me you were dead?" she whispered.

"I could not suppose it would grieve you, dearest," he replied. "I had heard that you still went into company after the report of my death had reached you, so I could not think you mourned for my loss."

"It was because I hoped you were still living, and wanted to get news of you," said Constance.

"Yes, Frank Willoughby has told me all about that," said Reginald. "The only person who knew I was alive was one of the party of masqueraders who went that night to Mrs. Livingstone's. He ascertained that you were to be there, and introduced me in this disguise, for I longed to see you again, and perhaps to hear you speak before I set off for the backwoods of America, where I meant to hide myself. The first person I recognized was Frank; and you were leaning on his arm. It was only what I expected, but my heart was torn with grief and jealousy. I felt that I could not endure it any longer, and was just going away, to start by the night train for Liverpool, when I turned for one last look, and saw that he had left you. An irresistible feeling led me back. There was an elderly lady with you, but she too went away. You know the rest. Your first eager words startled me, but it was not till the last when you fell on the floor that I could believe that you really loved me. But that crowded ball-room was no place for explanations. Already there were curious eyes upon us, and as I saw Frank and your old lady friend at hand to assist you, I made my escape. I waited in the street expecting to see you come out; but all in vain. I did not of course know where to find you, so about the time when you were flying down here by the railway, I was rousing up Frank Willoughby, whom I easily found, and asking him for an explanation. What he told me made all clear, and he sprang up as if the drums were beating to arms, and went off to break the intelligence to you. He found your old friend crying her eyes out over your note, but left her in a very different mood. We came down together, and here we are!" he exclaimed. At which period a repetition of the uncanonical sounds occurred.

"Oh! Reginald!" said Constance, "is it really Reginald? I can't believe it is true! Yet this is my Reginald's black beard, and the horse and dog know you. But why do you keep this hood over your face? Are you really wounded?"

"Not very severely," he replied, throwing back the cowl, and showing a strip of black plaster on his temple. "It is rather ornamental than otherwise. Don't you think so?"

"How did you get it?" she inquired. "And how did you get back? I want to know everything."

"How impatient we have become all at once!" said Reginald; "I got it in the skirmish when I was supposed to be killed. I lay senseless for some time, but was discovered by a Russian officer to whom I had rendered a service some months before."

"I know—I know!" cried Constance, eagerly, "the officer with a young wife, whom you carried to his own men, and—"

"Ay, ay, that very one, fortunately," interrupted Reginald; "I see Frank has told you all my exploits. With the help of a soldier whom he could trust, he took off my uniform, and dressed me in the clothes of a huge Russian, whose body I understood was afterwards buried for mine. I was then taken off to the hospital, and through his interest treated with great care. He came frequently to see me, but we could not talk much, as my cue was to appear half-insensible, but I might not be obliged to speak, and so betray that I was an Englishman. As soon as I could be removed he had me taken to his own house in Sebastopol, and after a few weeks he intrusted me to an Austrian gentleman, whom I accompanied through Russia as a fellow countryman, my friend having obtained a passport for me

under an Austrian name. Then I found the advantage of the German you had taught me, for it was then my native tongue, and I could speak nothing else."

"And this Austrian must have been the very gentleman I went to that ball purposely to see!" said Constance.

"The very same," replied Reginald; "Frank and I have had it all over, for you may imagine we could not sleep on our way from town."

"And you are really Reginald?" she said, looking into his face with an expression of blended joy and doubt. "I can hardly believe it! I think it must be a dream!"

"What's your opinion, Hector? What do you say to it, Ganymede? Am I myself, or merely a dream of Miss Constance's?" he asked, addressing his two fourfooted favorites.

The creatures, who had evidently felt themselves unduly neglected, testified unbounded joy at his words and the caresses that accompanied them. Hector jumped and barked, and Ganymede, after laying his head on his master's shoulder and shouting a most inspiring neigh into his ear, took advantage of his freedom to kick up his heels and scamper off round the garden, followed by his canine friend, who doubtless thought he ought to take care of him.

Had there been any eyes at liberty to look into the library while this scene was passing in the garden, they might have beheld a performance much resembling that of Ganymede; namely, a pair of legs, kicking up in the air in a most wonderful manner. The owner of them was Frank Willoughby. When Reginald first went into the garden he stood breathlessly watching his proceedings. When Constance sprang into his arms, Frank repressed the shout of delight that struggled for utterance, and falling back on the sofa, demonstrated his satisfaction in the gymnastic fashion above mentioned. Then came a fear lest the sudden joy had been too much for her, and he looked out. All went right, and he fell down and kicked again, and went on alternately looking and kicking, till roused by a double peal of laughter, when he found Reginald and Constance standing in the room.

"Oh, but I say, isn't this jolly!" he exclaimed, wringing both their hands. "By the by, I must send a telegraphic message to that jolly old brick, Miss Brownlow. I promised I would."

And forthwith he penned that extremely concise message which we have already seen, and dispatched it by the groom.

"There is one point that we have quite overlooked, Willoughby," said Reginald, when the young man came back into the library. "I stand at present somewhat in the position of a deserter. I must return to London without loss of time, and report myself."

"Of course you must," said Frank, looking serious for a moment. "But you may rest this one night, I think, without any blame, especially as you are far from right yet, you know."

"Have you any other wound besides that on your forehead?" asked Constance, anxiously.

"Yes, love, a sabre wound on my side, which still sometimes—" and he looked inside his coat; then, with a significant glance at Frank, he added, "Humph!"

"At it again?" inquired Frank.

Reginald nodded.

"Oh! what is it?" cried Constance. "What is amiss? Does it bleed?"

"Sometimes," replied Reginald, "but nothing to be alarmed about. Go out of the room, dear, and Frank can manage to bind it up."

"If you cannot, call me, for I can," whispered Constance to Frank, as she hurried out.

In a few minutes she heard her name shouted aloud by Frank, and running in, found Reginald with his coat off, lying on the sofa, almost insensible; his right side was partially uncovered, disclosing a ghastly wound, from which the blood was streaming.

"I cannot stop it," cried Frank, who was quite unnerved and trembling; "and he will bleed to death!"

Constance had never seen such a spectacle; but with that truly womanly courage and presence of mind which seem only to exist in such emergencies, she commenced her operations.

"Ring for a sponge and water, and some brandy," she said, holding the sides of the wound together; "and put his arm down by his side—for its present attitude draws the wound open."

Poor Frank had raised the arm, not thinking of the effect it would have. He placed it as she directed, and ran off to fetch what she wanted. At the door he met Oliver, who was just coming in with a card.

"Fetch some brandy, and a sponge and basin of water," exclaimed Frank, mechanically glancing at the card. "Hurrah! we're all right," he added. "Constance! here's Smedley come, in the nick of time!" Out he rushed, and returned immediately, dragging in the doctor.

Reginald tried to raise his eyes, and smiling faintly, held out his hand to Constance's old friend.

"Keep quiet, will you!" said the doctor, snappishly. "That's right, my dear. Hold it just so. Sponge and water!—That's right," he said to Oliver, who had just brought them in. "Now some brandy!"

"Sit down, Oliver," said Frank, putting the old servant into a chair, for he was quite overcome by the sight of his master bleeding to death, as he thought—"I'll fetch the brandy."

"Here's the key, sir," he replied. "One of the maids will show you where it is kept."

Frank hopped away with great activity, and Oliver tried to rise.

"Sit still—sit still, old friend," said Constance, turning her pale face towards him, with one of her sweet smiles.

Reginald put his hand caressingly on her head.

"Can't you keep quiet?" exclaimed Mr. Smedley, sharply, as he put the hand back again. "You must not stir."

The doctor snapped at everybody except Constance, until the wound was bound up and the patient made comfortable. "Now," said he, "my dear girl, go and wash your hands."

"Presently," she replied; "but I want to see how he gets on, first."

"Wash it off, Constance!" whispered Reginald, in a very faint voice, but with a mischievous smile. "It is so dirty!"

"I do not think so," said Constance, blushing.

"Come nearer—I want to whisper to you," said he; and she leaned over him—"the handkerchief is still over my heart. Is it dirty to wear it there?"

"No," replied Constance.

"Are your crimsoned hands disgusting to you?" he asked. "Do you turn sick at the sight of them?"

"I was sick at the thought that you might die," replied Constance; "but the blood itself is dear to me. Your blood cannot be disgusting."

"Ah! then you have learned your lesson. Constance! now you love! Do you remember what I said when I was a wild, untutored savage? Savage as I was, love had made me wiser than you on one point."

"I cannot allow so much talking," said Mr. Smedley, interrupting the whispered conversation of the lovers. "Miss Constance! Obey orders, and wash your hands. In a few days he will be able to talk enough to satisfy even feminine curiosity."

"Will you stay with him, sir?" asked Constance.

"Certainly I will, as long as it is necessary," replied Mr. Smedley; "and with such a doctor and such a nurse he cannot fail to get well."

"But I," said Constance, dubiously. "I must not stay, I fear."

"Do you want to kill me?" cried Reginald, with one of his old fierce looks, as he raised himself on the sofa.

"Hush! hush! keep quiet!" said the doctor, trying to put him down again, but the sudden excitement had given Reginald so much strength, that he found it impossible to do so. "Don't agitate yourself. She shall not go."

"It is not her going or staying that I care for," he said, trembling with emotion; "it is her cruelty in wishing to go."

"I do not wish to go, dearest Reginald!" cried Constance, in tears, "I only thought I ought not to stay."

"If you think you ought to go, pray do so," said Reginald, falling back on the pillows.

"I will not go, indeed I will not!" exclaimed Constance, terrified at his paleness, and the doctor's expressive glance.

"Will you be married by special licence in a day or two?" asked Reginald, in a weak voice.

"Yes—yes—anything you wish," she replied.

He pressed her hand, but turned so pale that Mr. Smedley administered a little more brandy.

"Don't look so frightened, you little fool!" said Reginald, as the

faintness passed away. "I am not going to die yet, for I have something to live for. But I am sure the doctor will tell you that you must not vex me, nor contradict me in anything."

"Indeed you must not," responded Mr. Smedley; "you have had sufficient proof of that, I think."

"You need not warn me to be careful," said Constance, "I will not oppose him in anything again."

"You are a witness to her promise, doctor," said Reginald smiling.

Constance thought of the promise she had given in her terror to be married in a few days, and went off hastily to wash her hands.

CHAPTER XXVII., AND LAST.

WHEN Constance stood in the solitude of her chamber she could not but reflect on the change that had come over her whole existence since she had crept out of it in the morning. Then her memory went back to the time when she had fled from it, on the fatal night of the fire.

Again she beheld the old hag bending over her demoniacal work—the wild music rang in her ears, and the face that imagination had pictured, gleamed pale and spirit-like through the window; again she descended the slippery path, and was poised upon the sea in her frail bark—

To err to the waves that roared to her,
To sigh to the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did her but loving wrong.

Then came intervals of unconsciousness; a sense of hunger and burning thirst; some fleeting thoughts of Reginald, but the abiding feeling still was that of trust in Heaven, and prayer for aid to bear meekly the trials that were allotted to her.

Then followed the sudden plunge into the water, and, heard amid all the din, the loud barking of a dog. All after was as dark as the tomb, till she found herself at Mrs. Franklyn's. The subsequent events passed in equally rapid review before her, every incident as distinct as when it happened. Probably her memory was strengthened by this exercise.

"They stand at the altar!" she repeated. "It is to be so, then! How little could I at that time imagine that those she spoke of were Reginald and myself! and, above all, that I should rejoice at it! And he has my promise to marry him in a few days! And Mr. Smedley says I must not thwart him! How foolish I was to promise so hastily! And yet—why should I regret it? It will give me a right to nurse him—and what has he not done and suffered for my sake? No—I must not thwart him!"

She fell into a reverie, from which she at length started with the exclamation, "Oh, how happy I am!" The still small voice of conscience demanded if she was also grateful. She had called unceasingly upon her Saviour in the time of tribulation, but did she recollect him in the hour of joy?

With an humbled heart she knelt and prayed, and when she arose the hurricane of joy had passed, and a calm and holy sense of happiness remained.

"Doctor," said Reginald, soon after Constance had left the library, "when a dose of medicine has to be swallowed, don't you advise your patients to swallow it quickly, without stopping to think about it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Smedley; "but I have not prescribed any for you."

"I know that," said Reginald; "but I want you to impress the principle upon Constance. She will, sooner or later, be obliged to swallow the bitter pill of swearing to obey; and I am of opinion that the sooner she gets over it the better. Besides, she has scruples about propriety, and I don't like to make her act against her opinion of what is right, nor can I think of letting her out of my sight again. All would be made straight by a quiet marriage. She gave her consent to it just now, in her fright, and I shall keep her to her word. Your advice will go a great way with her."

"It's rather sudden," said the old gentleman; "but, considering all the circumstances, I think it would be advisable."

"That's right," said Reginald. "Now make her think so too."

"If Constance has given her word," said Frank, "she will not draw back from it. I never knew her break a promise since she was old enough to give one."

"Ah, Frank!" said Reginald, with a sigh, "how many pleasant recollections you must have, as the companion of Constance's childhood! I never envied any one before."

"And you'd better not begin now, old fellow," replied Frank, laughing; "for with all these pleasant recollections you might be obliged to take the pleasant consciousness that your early intimacy had insured for you her most sisterly affection."

"Keep your own associations, Frank, and keep the sisterly affection you have got," said Reginald; "my envious fit is over."

"I don't know whether mine is though," said Frank to himself, pulling a long face as he looked out into the garden. "By-the-bye, Mr. Smedley," he continued, turning round with his usual beaming face, "we have not yet heard to what happy circumstance we owe your very opportune arrival here. You must think we live in a land of miracles, and that such an event as an angel suddenly popping down upon us, and sending in his card, is not a matter to cause us any astonishment."

"Your visit is so opportune," observed Reginald, "that it seems ungrateful to ask why you came. Yet I must own to a share of Frank's curiosity."

"I had to go to town on business," said the doctor, "and heard from Captain Willoughby's lady mother that Miss Carrolton had suddenly eloped by herself to St. Oystin's, and that the next train had taken down her dearly beloved son and his friend Captain Ravenscroft, whom everybody had supposed to be dead. From various trifling details I gathered that the young lady was not aware of Captain Ravenscroft's return before she went, and therefore, as I feared the too sudden joy might throw her into a brain fever, I followed. So there is the explanation of the whole mystery."

Constance soon after re-entered, and they spent a happy evening together.

The next morning Mr. Smedley, in accordance with his promise to Reginald, sounded Constance respecting the advisability of a speedy marriage.

"I see he has asked you to persuade me," she said; "but that is needless. I have already given him my word."

Reginald was enchanted, but consented to extend his few days to a fortnight, by which time he was able to go to the parish church, which Constance very much preferred to a marriage by special licence in the library, which, she said, would not be like being married at all.

The wedding was so quiet that not even the villagers were aware of it till it was over, and then the bells rang merrily all the rest of the day, and old and young feasted on a banquet that had been privately prepared by Reginald's order at the Priory, under the superintendence of Mrs. Sweetman, who had returned to her former and more congenial duties.

Mrs. Ravenscroft was considerably improved in health and intellect. She recollected but little of the sorrows that had preceded her insanity; but as the Priory seemed to arouse painful feelings, Reginald made an arrangement advantageous to both parties, for her to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn, with whom she lives, as happy and harmless as a child. Reginald and his gentle wife visit them frequently.

Oliver has now quitted service, and now holds the office of parish clerk, for which he is well fitted.

Lady Willoughby went into violent hysterics on hearing of Constance's marriage with Reginald, but as Mr. Smedley was not at hand she was compelled to "come to" by herself.

During a subsequent interview the doctor hinted at some meditated disposition of his own property, which might affect Frank's future prospects, and was only warned by a little premature tenderness on the part of the deceased knight's relict, that she had interpreted his innuendoes into a declaration of love to herself! More alarmed than he had ever been at the most desperate case that had come into his hands during the course of a long professional career, the poor doctor all but lost his presence of mind. However, he managed to undeceive her without letting her see that he was aware of the error into which she had fallen, his intention being simply to make Frank his heir. Her ladyship immediately became less sentimental, but far more rational than he had ever before seen her. Frank is staidier than he used to be, and keeps his promise to Reginald never to touch cards or dice, nor bet upon a horse.

And now I ought, in old-fashioned style, to say that Reginald and Constance lived happily all the rest of their lives; but it will be more in accordance with actual experience to say, that there seems every probability of their continuing as happy as they are at the period at which my story closes.

THE END.



GUIDO FAWKES, FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT. WITH THE SEARCH OF THE VAULTS BENEATH THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

GUY FAWKES AND THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

POWDER Plot day is a holiday with the boys in England, but with many modifications from the manner in which it was observed in the olden times of England. It was first appointed in 1605 as a day of general thanksgiving, when all persons were required to go to church. At one time the judges attended church in state on this occasion. Bishop Sanderson, in one of his sermons, says, "God grant that we nor ours ever live to see November the Fifth forgotten, or the solemnity of it silenced."

The original plot and conspiracy which gave rise to the annual festivities has not been allowed to sink into the past, in England, where it is preserved as a matter of history in all records of the reign of James I., and it may interest our readers to give a brief sketch of all the circumstances attending the Gunpowder Plot of 1605.

James I. not extending to his Catholic subjects that indulgence which they had expected, a deep and bitter resentment began to animate their ranks, which was carried to such an extent that assassination was gravely discussed as a worthy fate for the faithless monarch. After many secret conferences, the plan was formed of exploding a mine below the halls in which Parliament met on the opening of the session, thus crushing at one blow king, royal family, lords and commons.

This project completely met the views of the Catholic party; great secrecy was preserved, and one Winter was dispatched to Flanders in quest of a fitting instrument for their deadly work. Guy Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service, noted for his blind zeal and devotion to the Catholic cause, as well as for his unflinching courage, was the man upon whom their choice fell. He came over to England and joined their ranks accordingly. Whenever a new conspirator was admitted to their number the most solemn ceremonies of their religion was employed, and all seemed to regard the fiendish massacre which they were contemplating as the most laudable offering they could make to the cause of their church. All misgivings and conscientious scruples were entirely put to rest by Jesuitical sophistries, and not one of the conspirators but viewed himself in the light of a benefactor to mankind.

A house adjoining the building where Parliament was to assemble was hired by Percy, a high-born gentleman, and one of the most ardent of the plotters, and, in order to evade interruption, large provisions were brought in, and they scarcely ever went out or came in. Every precaution was taken to avoid rousing the slightest suspicion in any quarter, and their toil was constant and unceasing.

By means of suitable instruments which were provided, the little band soon succeeded in working a passage through the wall,

although it was three yards in thickness. As they neared the other side they were appalled by hearing a sound for which they were unable to account. One of the party was sent out to reconnoitre and make inquiries, and they soon heard that a magazine of coals, which had been kept in the vault directly under the House of Lords was being disposed of, and that the vault itself was in the market, and to be let to the highest bidder.

Fortune, which had hitherto favored them so entirely, seemed disposed to be still more kind on this occasion. The conspirators all united in regarding this opportune occurrence as a direct manifestation that Heaven was with their cause. Percy hired the place instantly, and thirty-six kegs of powder were deposited in one corner, and completely concealed with fagots of wood. Their arrangements had been so carefully perfected that they were now almost sure of evading suspicion. An apparent carelessness was deemed the best policy, so that the doors were thrown open, and no farther concealment was attempted.

The eventful day for the assembling of Parliament was now approaching, and everything seemed in proper train for the successful accomplishment of the diabolical scheme. Ten days before the assembling, however, Lord Montague, a distinguished Catholic nobleman who had secret friends among the conspirators, received from some unknown hand a mysterious warning, advising him by no means to attend the opening of Parliament. Although the letter was purposely worded in the most obscure terms, one or two dark intimations conveyed to Lord Montague the impression that some design by gunpowder was intended. He pondered over this letter for some time, irresolute whether to treat it simply as a ridiculous hoax, or to attach any weight to its mystic warning. At length, however, he concluded to show it to Lord Salisbury, who thinking it to betoken the existence of some dark combination, took it to the King. James was a timid and fearful monarch, as is well known, and the mysterious note at once alarmed his suspicions. He immediately gave orders that all the vaults underneath the two Houses of Parliament should be thoroughly searched, without a moment's loss of time.

But the Earl of Suffolk, to whose duty the search fell, intentionally delayed it until the very day previous to that on which Parliament was to assemble, judging that his chances of discovering the plot would be much bettered by this delay. As he passed through the vaults he at once observed and noted the huge piles of wood, and his keen eye also detected the half-concealed figure of Fawkes himself, who was lurking in a dark corner. When he perceived that his retreat was discovered he boldly pretended to be Percy's servant, but Suffolk had observed the gloomy and daring expression of his countenance, and knew at once that this statement must be utterly false.

Fawkes accounted for the piles of wood by declaring that

it was Percy's winter stock, but as he spent but a few days of the winter at his town house, this assertion also bore its falsehood on its face. No apparent notice was taken of these singular circumstances, but at midnight, Knyvett, a justice of the peace, was sent with a strong force to make further investigations. At the door of the vault, Fawkes was met by the party. He had just returned from completing his diabolical preparations, and the very matches with which he was shortly to fire the train of powder were found in his pocket.

He was immediately seized, and the suspicious piles of fagots examined, and the barrels of powder were found, carefully hidden, under these billets.

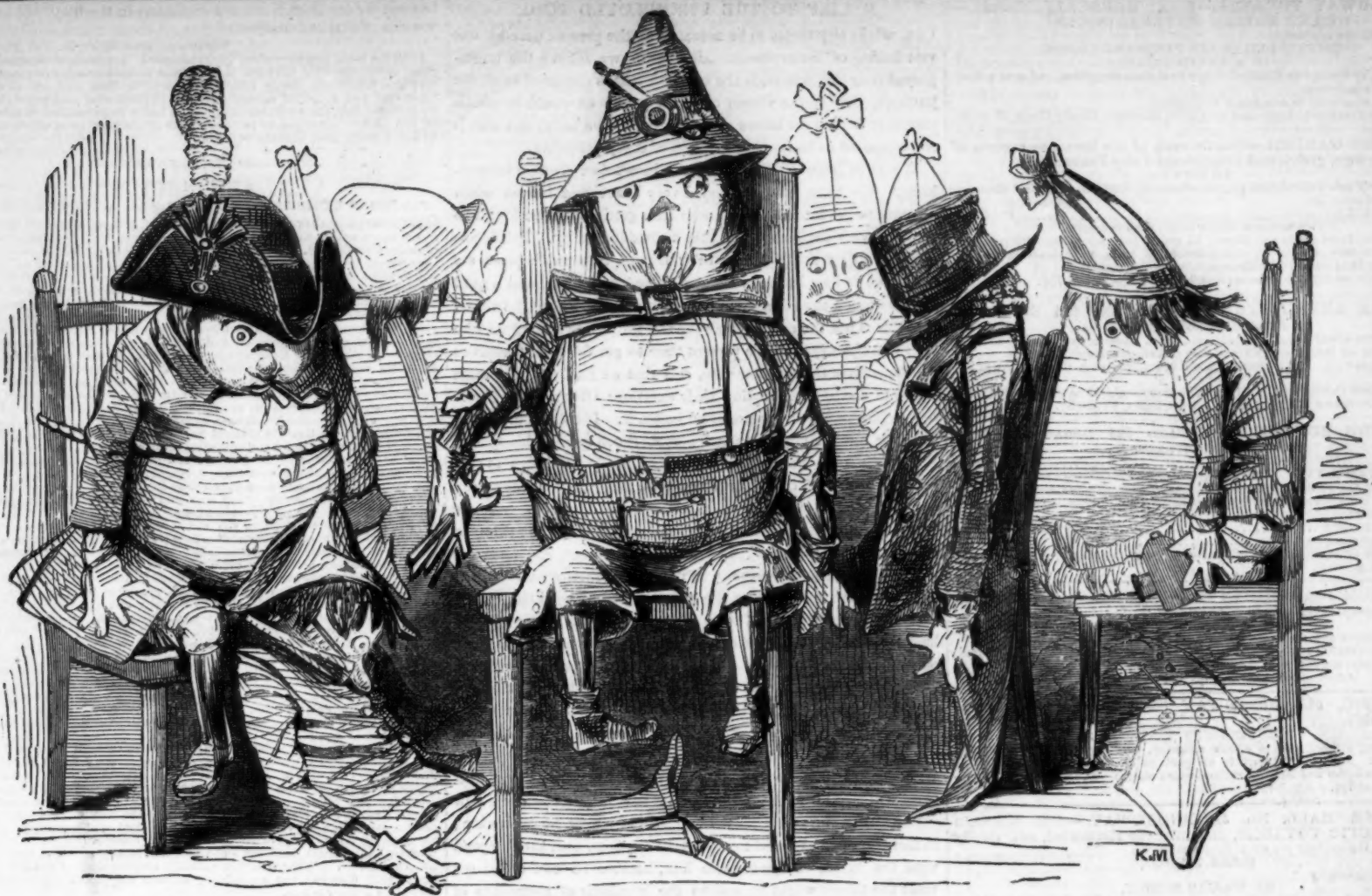
The villain made neither excuses nor apologies, but boldly declared his regret at the premature failure of the scheme. His only grief, he said, was that he had not fired the whole train on the approach of the investigators, and destroyed himself as well as them, in the general ruin. On being taken before the council, he scornfully refused to discover the names of his comrades, seeming to glory in the plot, rather than to fear the consequences of its detection. For two or three days this courage endured, but solitude, confinement, and finally, a sight of the rack, which was threatened him in case he should persist in silence, broke down his resolution, and he made a full confession.

When his accomplices heard of the discovery of their scheme, they fled into the country, and made preparations to defend themselves to the last. But they could not long maintain their position against the overwhelming fury of the mob, and were finally taken.

Most of the conspirators were tried and ignominiously executed; the fury of the populace was unbounded, and a universal horror seemed to thrill all who had been standing on the verge of such a horrible fate. For years afterward the suspicious public saw plots and combinations in the simplest array of circumstances, and regarded the Catholic subjects with distrust and dislike, while the very name of Guy Fawkes, or the mere mention of the Gunpowder Plot, was sufficient to awake a general wrath and indignation.

The religious observances of this famous Fifth of November was long a solemn affair, but has now become quite secondary to the tumultuous street ceremonies which serve to employ and delight all the boys who can raise a bundle of straw or a few old rags, suitable for the construction of a "Guy."

"Building a Guy" is an occupation sufficiently engrossing to the London boy. Grotesque and disproportionate scarecrows are woven together by means of straws, sticks and paper—the Guy is ornamented with a prodigious nose, a pair of round goggle eyes and a wide mouth, and he whose workmanship is most hideous, is considered to chieve the greatest triumph in art. This



A GROUP OF GUYS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

effigy is dressed out in an old battered hat, a ragged suit of clothes, and is oftentimes adorned with bunches of matches, held in the hand, and, if the circumstances of the maker will admit, a rusty old lantern is added, to complete the personification.

The Guy is then generally mounted on an old wooden chair, or hand-barrow, and may be considered complete. From dawn till midnight, on the Fifth of November, these fantastic creations are borne about the streets in mock pomp and ceremony, followed by crowds of uproarious children. The air is vocal with Gunpowder songs and choruses, and a general jubilee is kept up everywhere.



After sunset a new impulse is given to the enthusiasm of the juvenile population. The Guys, sadly dilapidated by the rough treatment they have met with in the course of their day's travels, are borne triumphantly to their funeral pyres, and committed to the flames. The glee of the boys is beyond all restraint at this stage of the proceedings—they execute all manner of uncouth gambols and gyrations around the blazing effigy, singing, shouting and yelling at the very top of their lungs.

Nobody thinks of interfering with the "sacred rights and privileges" of the boys upon this anniversary of a nation's peril and preservation. Many destructive fires are consequent on the celebration of the Fifth of November, but like the conflagrations that generally follow in the wake of the Fourth of July, they are considered as necessary evils.

Our engraving gives a fine head of the famous Guy Fawkes himself. The bold, crafty expression of his face is remarkable, and completely realizes our preconceived idea of the man who was charged with the immediate management and execution of one of the most hideous schemes of destruction ever planned.

Below is represented the searching of the vaults at midnight, with Fawkes lurking among the fagots in his fanatical preparations.

No one who has ever passed a Fifth of November in London, can fail to recognize the uncouth gentry with pipes, lanterns and distorted faces, represented in the second engraving. The anniversary of the "Gunpowder Treason and Plot" is a great time for the boys, and its recurrence is anticipated for weeks beforehand with the greatest expectation.

JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

The name of John Howard is well known in every quarter of the globe. As the world-renowned philanthropist, the great author of the prison reform of modern times, he occupies a proud position in history, and a wide space in the hearts of the world.

There are few prisons on the European continent into which he did not penetrate in his benevolent pilgrimages. After instituting a vast improvement in the cells and dungeons of England, he travelled over Holland, France, the German Confederacy, Poland and Russia; nearly all the prisons were thrown open for his investigation, and it is impossible to form an estimate of the immense amount of moral good accomplished by his unobtrusive efforts in this much neglected field of labor.

At length he arrived at Cherson, a town on the Dnieper, from which it was probably his intention to return home by way of Constantinople. Here, however, he took a heavy cold, in the active discharge of his benevolent duties, and it soon became evident that he had not long to live.

He was entirely resigned to his fate, speaking of it to his friends with the utmost calmness. To Admiral Priestman he said, "Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure. Let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, to suffer no pomp at my funeral, nor any monument or monumental inscription to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

His death soon followed, and he was interred in the spot of which he had spoken. A brick pyramid, inclosed with a railing of posts and chains, indicates the grave, instead of a sun-dial, as he had wished. No inscription marks this simple monument, except the words "John Howard," which are a sufficient memorial of his virtues. It was erected by the Russians, as a tribute of gratitude for his many noble deeds among them.

Our engraving is an exact representation of its simple proportions, which are constantly visited by his admirers and friends in the course of their travels.

Another monument has been raised to his memory at no great distance from the Church of the Assumption, near Cherson—a pyramid, surrounded by poplar trees and inclosed by circular walls. The inscription on this latter contains his name, age, and the date of his death, but is less an object of interest than the simple erection which covers his ashes. There are few places in the world so dear to philanthropists and reformers as the grave of Howard on the bleak soil of Russia.

INTELLIGENCE IN MANUFACTURE.—The agriculturist is taught to ascribe to supernatural agency the most important phenomena with which he is concerned; and there can be no doubt that this is one of the causes of those superstitious feelings by which the inhabitants of the country are unfavorably contrasted with those of the town. But the manufacturer, and, indeed, nearly every one engaged in the business of cities, has employments the success of which, being regulated by his own abilities, has no connection with those unexplained events that perplex the imagination of the cultivators of the earth. He who, by his ingenuity, works up the raw material, is evidently less affected by uncontrollable occurrences, than he by whom the raw material is originally grown. Whether it is fair, or whether it is wet, he pursues his labors with equal success, and learns to rely solely upon his own energy, and the cunning of his own arm. As the sailor is naturally more superstitious than the soldier, because he has to deal with a more unstable element, just in the same way is the agriculturist more superstitious than the mechanic, because he is more frequently and more seriously affected by events which the ignorance of some men makes

them call capricious, and the ignorance of other men makes them call supernatural. It would be easy, by an extension of these remarks, to show how the progress of manufactures, besides increasing the national wealth, has done immense service to civilization, by inspiring man with a confidence in his own resources; and how, by giving rise to a new class of employments, it has, if I may so say, shifted the scene in which superstition is most likely to dwell.

POLYGAMY is permitted in Persia; and the Shah, as well as his subjects, can therefore have several wives. It is, however, the custom in the East for sovereigns only to marry princesses of the blood royal. The Shah has departed from that custom, and became warmly attached to one of his seraglio, who, although not belonging to a princely family, possessed great intelligence and power of mind. She therefore became his favorite sultana. She gave birth to a son, who from a very early age was distinguished by such remarkable intelligence that the Persian people were pleased to consider him as the heir to the throne. Their wishes have just been gratified, for the presumptive heir having died last year, the Shah has designated the young son of his favorite sultana as his successor. A ceremony of extraordinary pomp attended this announcement. As a matter of course, considerable jealousy was excited in the seraglio by this measure, but the people have been unanimous in the expression of their joy at the choice made by their sovereign.

JOTTINGS ON LONDON CLUBS.—One club, the Athenaeum, possesses upwards of 25,000 volumes, and sets apart the considerable sum of £500 per annum for the library alone. In all clubs games of mere chance are strictly forbidden, on penalty of expulsion; and the highest play permitted, even at whist, is half-guinea points. There are at present several thousand names on the candidates' lists of the London clubs. Not long since the Athenaeum, which consists of 1,600 members, had no less than 1,600 candidates waiting in regular order for admission. The election is by ballot. In some of the smaller and more aristocratic clubs, a single black ball excludes the anxious aspirant, but the majority of clubs are not so particular; generally speaking, one black ball in ten is the fatal number equivalent to rejection. The entrance fees vary from eight guineas to thirty. The lowest annual subscription is five, the highest ten guineas; in most clubs, however, it is not more than six.

The amount expended by American travellers in Europe is estimated at \$10,000,000 annually.



TOMB OF HOWARD, AT CHERSON.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, LESSEE.— GRAND BALLET ENTERTAINMENT.

This week the celebrated
RONZANI BALLET and PANTOMIME TROUPE
IN A GRAND BALLET,
supported by a corps de ballet of eighty first class coryphees, and over a hundred male auxiliaries.
Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7 o'clock
Prices of Admission, Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Fourth week of the immense success of the new, grand, and unsurpassed Fairy Pantomime, BOREAS,

with entirely new and original gorgeous Scenery, Machinery, Magical Changes, Tricks, Costumes, &c.
THE RAVELS.....and.....ROLLA.
To commence with a Ballet each evening.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children to Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price.
ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.

Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
New open for the Season, with an able and efficient Stock Company.
Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Flecker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The celebrated and incomparable Welsh Nightingale, Miss E. L. WILLIAMS,

every afternoon and evening.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

OLYMPIC, 585 BROADWAY (late BUCKLEY'S), opposite Niblo's.

PRENDERGAST'S MINSTRELS.
Open every evening with a choice company, consisting of Fifteen talented performers. Admission 25 cents to all parts of the house. Orchestra seats reserved for ladies and families without extra charge. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

EMPIRE HALL, No. 596 BROADWAY.—DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGES, magnificently Illustrated, and vividly portraying the sublime yet awful grandeur of the POLAR REGIONS,

with a description by
Mr. WILLIAM MORTON,
discoverer of the open Polar Sea. Dr. Kane's Arctic dresses, celebrated dog sled, rifle and other relics on view every evening at 8 o'clock; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children half price.

NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED IN AMERICA. THE ANATOMICAL MUSEUM OF DR. REENTZ,

Chinese Buildings, No. 539 Broadway.
400 models of the most finished Art. Lectures to gentlemen daily at 12, 4, and 8 o'clock, by Dr. Jackson except Fridays, when ladies only are admitted and lectured to by a scientific and professional lady. Admission 25c.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS by ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL is now open at THE OLD ART- UNION ROOMS, No. 497 BROADWAY, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and evenings from 7 to 10 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. Catalogues 12½ cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

B. FRODSHAM, Secretary.

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART is now open in the new Galleries of the National Academy of Design, one corner from Broadway, in Tenth street, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7 p. m. to 10. Admission 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ESTABLISHMENT.—Subscriptions received by Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1857.

We would call attention to Peter Parley's excellent "Comprehensive Geography and History, Ancient and Modern," published by George W. Elliott, No. 172 William street, in this city. The widely known reputation of S. G. Goodrich as a writer is a guarantee of its merit. Persons desirous of becoming canvassing agents for it will do well to read the advertisement in another column.

THE ladies, and all who are in want of fine mantillas or trimmings, at a great reduction on the original prices, will find them at Bulpin's, No. 361 Broadway, in great variety, and at very low prices.

Now is the time to buy your Chinaware and table sets cheap. Haughwout & Co., corner of Broadway and Broome street, have determined to meet the times by making a reduction of twenty-five per cent. on their magnificent and varied stock.

DELAY OF THE EUROPEAN MAILS.

THE accident to the machinery of the steamship Atlantic, on her late voyage from Liverpool, rendered it impossible for her to start on her regular day on her last trip, and, in consequence, the European mails laid over in our city for three days. Strange to say, the defect in the machinery of the Atlantic was not discovered until the mails had been made up and she was ready to start. The steamship Vanderbilt was also on the point of departure, and offered to take the mails to Liverpool for the same rate that was paid to the Collins line.

A telegraphic despatch was sent to the Postmaster-General at Washington, and he replied that "the responsibility of a failure is with Mr. Collins and the Navy Department." So the mails for Europe had to lie over three days in our city. At the present time this is of incalculable injury to our merchants, and at any time is a very improper proceeding on the part of Postmaster-General Brown. We have no wish to discuss the terms of the postal contract with Mr. Collins, but we do assert that the public has nothing to do with him or the Navy Department. In the postal conveyance, the public looks to the Post-office Department to forward the letters regularly, and Mr. Brown is entirely in error in supposing that so important a mail can be laid over, and the Post-office Department have no responsibility in the matter. If such is the spirit of Mr. Brown's administration of the Department, the sooner we have a change the better.

RELIEF TO THE UNEMPLOYED POOR.

OUR whole city seems to be actuated at the present time by one vast feeling of benevolence. How shall we relieve the unemployed poor this winter, is the question that is discussed in all the journals, that is the theme of every public or would-be public man that is brought before every representative body, and that is self-supposed to be the sole thought of every politician.

We have little confidence in this just-before-election benevolence. We have seen gentlemen very benevolent indeed when wanting to get into office, but who after getting in were found to possess a very small share of that estimable quality. Politicians who are only seeking to get their friends into public place, are also given to be a little too benevolent before election, and a good deal too much the other way after it is over. We hope, however, that this is not the case with any of the gentlemen among us who are so anxious just at the present time to get for their friends or for themselves the popular vote, and that we shall find the same laudable anxiety stimulating their exertions after the first Tuesday in November as was professed before it. If this should prove to be the case we doubt not each may do much good in his sphere. But public men and public professions are poor things to rely upon in a time of emergency, and we have a few words to say upon the subject which may do some good. In order to know how we may best relieve the unemployed poor the first thing to ascertain is, how did they lose their employment, and then we can study what measures may be devised for their relief.

It is beyond a doubt that the great cause has been the sudden loss of confidence in the future by employers in every class of business during the recent crisis. While the revulsion was going on in prices of all kinds, panic possessed the public mind, and every individual suddenly curtailed his expenditures to the lowest possible point, and retrenchment and economy became the practice in every family. No one has ordered new clothes, or shoes, or hats; no one has endeavored to lay in a good supply of winter provisions; no one has commenced new labor or manufacture of any kind for future use; no one has prepared for a new enterprise in the spring; no one thinks of a new house or ship; in fact, no one has dared to undertake anything that shall depend upon the future to remunerate him, because he could not see what the future might be, and so the hundreds of thousands of mechanics and laborers that throng our cities are suddenly deprived of their employment.

In our view, this sudden cessation of consumption and production has been carried too far, under the influence of the panic, and there is much room for relief on that side. We are not all to be irretrievably ruined because railway stocks have fallen fifty per cent., or sugar come down three or four cents a pound, or dry goods declined eight pence or a shilling a yard, or rents are likely to fall. Everybody must eat, drink, and have a house to live in; and this very decline in prices is going ultimately to lead to much greater consumption, and consequently to a greater demand for all the products of industry. The future before us is not so black as was painted in the panic. Society is still constituted, and there will be something for everybody to do for a livelihood.

It seems to us, therefore, that we can go on without fear of the future, and that those who have the money to spend, and they are not few, will give some relief to the unemployed labor by buying what he needs or is likely to need, just as he has done in former years. Then, again, employers may look at the condition of things throughout the country, and they will see much to encourage them to continue their business for future returns. The crops are good, specie is flowing into our ports from every side, and prices of material and stock are at a point that will leave a margin for labor and capital to manufacture. Here, too, much good may be done by employers taking a proper view of the future, and remembering that we are the same go-ahead people, full of recuperative energy, and that the only thing that has happened to us is a sudden cutting down of nominal prices, and the consequent disappearance of some accumulated wealth. But the lands, houses, railways, ships and products still remain with us, and are necessary to us.

These are the effects that may result by all parties taking a more hopeful, and, in fact, thoughtful view of the future. But there will still remain a large quantity of unemployed labor, and how is this to be relieved? There is one thing we should remember. During the last ten years of prosperity, men have been flocking to the large cities instead of expending their labors in cultivating the soil. Some of this can be returned. There are many portions of the West where labor, and particularly female labor, is much desired. If a Corresponding Committee were organized here that would undertake the labor of examining into the character and condition of applicants for employment in new homes, and make this known to the country widely, a numerous class of poor but deserving people might be afforded the means of relieving themselves, and thus lessen the burthen of relief to all.

As for reliance upon politicians and public loans to carry on public works, these are all unworthy of the slightest confidence. The sun of the day after election will melt them away as it melts the early frost upon the grass. But above all, the people must strive, too, to relieve themselves. The present depression can only be a temporary one, and they may feel assured that the great results it has produced in lowering the cost of the necessities of life, will, in the end, prove of infinite advantage to all.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

WHEN we were illustrating the misfortunes of the passengers by the ill-fated Central America, we were not aware that any one on board of her was in any way connected with us. The subjoined touching letter which we have received will be read with

interest by our friends; it is a testimony to the truth of our illustrations of that sad disaster:

WATERFORD, Washington Co., Oct. 22, 1857.
DEAR SIR:—As you have given the "birdnest" so prominent a place in your paper of October 10th, I thought it might not be uninteresting to you to know that Mrs. Ellis is the deeply afflicted widow of A. Ellis, who has at different times sent you a list of subscribers from California for your paper, and was returning to that place with his family. He had a large number of subscribers for you, also for other papers and magazines of the east, all of which were lost on board the Central America with him.

FINE ARTS.

PROFESSED EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART, ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

QUITE recently there has opened in this city a gallery of paintings at the new rooms of the Academy of Design, professing to represent specimens of modern British art. We hail with pleasure any event that is calculated to improve the taste of the public, and it was with high expectations of gratification that we entered the exhibition; to say that we were disappointed at what we saw would be a mild term, for there were other emotions in the ascendency which partook of disgust. There were some tolerable pictures, but not one which partakes of the character of superior excellence, and those which are good are so involved with the wretched and worthless, that your eye becomes contaminated with what you see, and the whole collection sinks into one mass of common-place. We know nothing of the parties who have attempted to palm this collection of worthless things off on our American public as specimens of British art, but we suspect that there are professed picture dealers at the bottom of it, who have miscalculated the intelligence of our people; and, if our impressions are correct, the adventurers will find that the odds and ends of studios of obscure artists, even if endorsed with the magic word "foreign," will not be admired beyond their intrinsic merits. We have heard but of one continued condemnation of the collection as a whole—some go so far as to call the affair an outrage, and others think it a practical joke. There are pictures in the collection which, for crudeness, want of drawing, and harmony, have never been equalled by the juvenile efforts peculiar to our fashionable boarding-schools. And then it is insufferable that full grown men who come over with these "precious gems" should, without embarrassment or show of compunction, follow you round the room and expatiate upon the "consciousness of the painters" whose works are exhibited, and urge you to admire discolored canvases, infinitely worse and more unmeaning than we deemed possible before we saw these pre-Raphaelite monstrosities. There is one picture said to be a sailor who has just returned from sea, who finding his wife dead, has thrown himself prostrate upon the grave. The figure is extended upon a shield of livid green, and appears to be affected over his whole person with some leprous disease—a sort of terrible small pox, where the pustules, instead of being disseminated over the entire surface of the body, have concentrated and become eloquently disgusting in some twelve or eighteen spots, each one burning with the intensity of a consuming fever, soon to end in corruption and death. Now all these terrific phenomena are intended to represent a human being in shadow, whose person is illuminated with the bright rays of the sun breaking through overhanging foliage. In the background is a lamb, which was evidently copied from a very bad specimen of one of those Canton flannel and cotton stuffed productions we see occasionally displayed at toy shops; a worse picture we never beheld, if we except some of its companions, to be met with in other places of the exhibition. And yet this picture and its kindred Gorgons are exposed to the people of New York as specimens of English art; the proposition is an insult to the public taste, and to the fame of one of the best schools of modern times. Passing from what is really beneath serious criticism, we find, among this debris of old auction rooms and dark garrets, some very excellent water-color drawings—perhaps better never before exhibited in this country, and there are some fair oil paintings of masters who stand deservedly high. It is useless, however, to represent Danby by two pictures evidently of his earliest efforts, when we are all familiar with his masterly creations. And thus it is with every artist who has any reputation; we have only some indifferently good specimens of their labors.

Fortunately for art, the practice which has been so rife here of purchasing old pictures, and bad modern pictures, if they were endorsed with some unknown and foreign-sounding name, has to a very great extent become obsolete. Our buyers are content to get good things from people they know; and they have another advantage, they can get the best of everything produced. The financial pressure will also have a healthy effect in checking a wasteful extravagance of money on unworthy objects; we therefore indulge the idea that very few of the bad pictures we have alluded to will become ere long in the parlors of our private mansions. No money, however great the sum, is really wasted upon a good picture; but any sum, however small, is worse than wasted if, in addition to losing your cash, you are encumbered with a worthless piece of furniture that won't adorn your walls, and isn't of the right shape to stop a stove-pipe hole.

CITY GOSSIP.

MAYOR WOOD'S PROJECT OF RELIEF.

THE proposition put forth by Mayor Wood, in his letter to the Common Council, for the relief of the laboring classes during the coming winter, is received with various degrees of favor. By many it is deemed entirely impracticable, as much of the proposed work, for which payment is to be made in flour, potatoes, &c., cannot possibly go on during the depth of winter. Others look upon it as a scheme to create new office-holders in the shape of distributors and sub-distributors, and it is possible, considering the virulence of party politics, that it might degenerate into that, however pure and one-minded the intention might have been. It is to be hoped that the natural course of improvement in affairs will bring its own remedy, and that no such scheme as the one proposed will be found necessary.

COMING DENOUEMENT OF THE NEW YORK HOTEL AFFAIR.

Our readers will remember, some time since, an article in this department giving the details of an unfortunate affair that occurred at the New York Hotel. A Southern gentleman was informed that a too close intimacy existed between his wife and a gentleman of New York, and hastening to this city, surprised them, and having evidence of the fact, chastised the guilty Lothario, and departed at once with his wife, no one knew whither.

It now appears from a writ of habeas corpus, granted by the Supreme Court at the suit of Gardner Furniss, the gentleman implicated in the affair, to bring before that Court the body of Caroline Woodman (the lady in question), assumed to be illegally confined as an alleged lunatic. The petition states that she is perfectly sane, and that she is not detained or committed by virtue of any process issued by any Court of the United States. The case came up before James J. Roosevelt, but the lawyers for the defendants succeeded in a stay of proceedings, Judge Roosevelt stating that one of the Supreme Judges would visit the lady and become satisfied as to her state of mind.

We trust sincerely that the fullest justice will be done in this case. Whatever the moral guilt of the unfortunate lady, it is a gross outrage upon the liberty of the person if upon false pretence she is doomed to associate with maniacs. Mr. Furniss is offering the only repatriation in his power by coming thus publicly forward to advocate the rights of one who, if she has sinned, is now bearing alone the retribution that should have been equally borne.

THE HOBOKEN MURDER.

The trial of young De Cueva for the murder of Oscar de Grandval in Hoboken is now progressing. The testimony for the prosecution has closed, and seems to fix the crime positively upon the prisoner. The testimony for the defence is entirely conflicting, and the general impression is, judging from the present laxity in the execution of the laws, that De Cueva will be acquitted.

THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

The city authorities have at last determined to compel the Harlem Railroad Company to stop their steam at Forty-second street. The time given them to abate the nuisance has been prolonged and prolonged, and unless positive steps are taken they will continue to laugh at the authorities. It is said that this Company is prospering in an unusual manner, and this happy result is attributed to the excellent business management of the concern. This may be so, but it is easy to increase the cash receipts by adding two-fifths to the rate of fare, by cutting off half the accommodation train, and reducing the number of employees to a point hardly consistent with public safety or accommodation. This is good business tact for the company so long as it has a monopoly of the road, but it is ruinous to the property through which the railroad runs. For every mile it is thickly settled, and the places were literally built up upon the promise of the company to gradually reduce the fare, which was then very low. Instead of doing as they have since that time raised the fare nearly fifty per cent., and the number of houses vacant along the line, and the depreciation of property, show the result of the action of the railroad.

MARRIAGES AND THE HARD TIMES.

We are gravely informed, in consequence of the hardness of the times and the consequent invisibility of anything in the shape of money, that mating has ceased, that elopements are mourning over decreasing fees, that, in short, marriage has ceased to be an institution. This hard time is a serious thing, for it not only brings a scarcity of money, but a scarcity of babies. This must be attended to, for we have several territories yet to populate, to say nothing about Kansas.

We do not, however, believe this rumor in its full extent, for we are cognizant of two cases of marriage, of only a few days date, of the most desperately adventurous character, to wit, Col. Thomas B. Thorpe, generally known as Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter—now of Leslie's editorial corps, to Miss Jane Fosdick, of this city—and the Hon. E. G. Guier, late United States Chargé at Nicaragua, to Miss Miriam F. Follin, of New Orleans. We wish them all the happiness which even the most fabulous accounts of married felicity portray, and to the rest of the world we boldly say, that if an editor and a diplomatist can venture upon conjugal bliss in the midst of such a crisis as the present, no one need fear to assume all the responsibilities arising from the fastening of the hymeneal fetters, which, by-the-by, poets assert are bound with roses, and we add—thorns and all.

Grapes are becoming quite an article of culture in Illinois. It is estimated that citizens of Monroe county will market 150,000 gallons of wine which at present rates will amount to \$200,000.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PANIC.

The Administration continues the consideration of the currency question as connected with Government operations. It is ascertained from an altogether reliable source that there is no disposition to suspend the public works now in process of construction, nor to interfere with the contractors; but there is a disposition not to commence new works, unless of such a character as to render them absolutely necessary. The Administration's course on these and other matters will depend more or less on the developments of the next four or five months, as indicated by the receipts of customs. Meantime information will be sought with a view to correct estimates, and until this is obtained there can be no definite policy.

THE NEW RIFLE.

The new model rifle muskets are at once to be distributed to the army, particularly among the troops in Utah, Kansas, and on the Pacific.

NASHVILLE.

Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, the editor of the *Washington Union* under President Pierce's administration, has been elected United States Senator to succeed Hon. John Bell, whose term expires March 4, 1859, defeating General Polk. An attempt will be made in the Legislature to instruct Mr. Bell to resign.

THE MINNESOTA ELECTION.

Complete returns from Minnesota give Sibley, Democrat, for Governor, 123 majority. A large number of Indians voted in the Pembina district.

THE IOWA ELECTION.

The official vote of forty-six counties in Iowa has been received, in which Lowe, Republican, for Governor, is 2,237 ahead.

TREMENDOUS FLOOD AT ALBANY.

A terrible north-west gale of wind and rain has prevailed here for some two days. Hardly any outdoor business could be done. During the night of the 26th ult. the water in the river began to rise, and at daylight next morning all the wharves and piers were submerged, and all the stores upon them flooded eighteen inches. So unexpected was this great rise of water, that no preparations were made to receive it; consequently large amounts of property on the lower floors have been injured and considerable destroyed. The river was filled with floating lumber, which broke loose from the yards above, some as far as Watervliet and Troy.

VEGETABLE GARDENS DESTROYED.

The vegetable gardens on the islands, both above and below the city, are all covered with water to the extent of four or five feet, destroying immense quantities of potatoes, cabbages, onions, beets, &c., &c.

DANGERS OF THE FERRY.

The ferry-boats crossed with the greatest difficulty, their landings being injured on both sides of the river. The crossing at the public ferry, at the south part of the city, was hazardous. One steamer became unmanageable early in the day, and was moored alongside the wharf. Another took its place; started with a heavy load from the Greenbush side; one of the wheels caught a stick of timber which held it from turning. The boat then drifted down the river in a strong current, perfectly unmanageable, and was finally caught with a hawser from the steamer *Cassin*, and towed near the shore, when the passengers, teams, stages, &c., were compelled to remain on board two hours, during a heavy gale of wind and rain, before the stick of timber could be removed. Had the ferry-boat not been caught, she would have drifted down the river, and probably run aground or capsized with all on board.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD SUBMERGED.

We learn that the Central Railroad is submerged in several places along the Mohawk, so deeply that the fire were put out in the locomotives. The damage must be extensive north and west, but the condition of the telegraph allows of no reports. It is feared that the canals will also suffer.

INUNDATION OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

The entire valley of the Mohawk was badly flooded. The freshest has done much damage; a large amount of corn and buckwheat has been destroyed and injured.

BALTIMORE.

Governor Ligon issued a proclamation on the 29th ultimo, placing the city under martial law, and ordering out two divisions. Some 7,000 men and their commanding officers are ordered to enrol at once, and report for service in a few days, and hold themselves in readiness to preserve the peace on the day of the general election. The Governor takes this step against the desire of the Mayor, but at the request and on the representation made by respectable citizens. Considerable feeling was aroused by the proclamation.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI.

The revolution in San Domingo was nearly at an end. The new dynasty was very popular. General Santana entered Santiago amidst the loudest acclaim. General Baer was still in San Domingo, but could neither make headway against his rival nor leave the country; in fact he was a prisoner, and if permitted to retire into exile, could only do so by surrendering the public funds and abdicating unconditionally his authority. The Haytian army had returned from the frontier without firing a shot. Business at Port au Prince and the other Haytian ports was daily improving.

SISAL, YUCATAN.

The Campechy armed brig Union was still sailing back and forth in the harbor of Sisal, but there had been no exchange of shots between the fort and her for some days. The forces of the belligerents were at a short distance from Campechy, but doing nothing. The schooner that had been armed by Campechy had laid down her arms and sailed for New Orleans on her regular business. The Indians in the interior, taking advantage of the disturbances, entered a village some sixty miles from Merida, the capital of Yucatan, with friendly manifestations, and having gained admission to the houses, commenced to slaughter men, women and children indiscriminately, and very few escaped. More than 500 bodies had been found, and more were being discovered daily in the woods, where they had attempted to escape, but were overtaken and murdered—many of them mutilated in the most shocking manner. This occurred about the middle of September.

SPECIAL MINISTER FROM ENGLAND.

The British Government has decided to appoint a special minister to negotiate a settlement of the remaining differences between England and this country in regard to Central American affairs. The appointment will take place early next year, and possibly sooner. Sir William Gore Ouseley has been selected for this important service.

MEXICO—COMONFORT'S NEW MINISTRY.

Señor Fuentes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Juarez, Minister of the Interior; Ruiz, Chief Justice; Payno, Treasury. Señor Conde had been appointed Minister to Nicaragua. Gen. Alvarez had routed the rebels in the south with great slaughter. The whole coast of Yucatan was in the hands of the revolutionists.

ARMY AND NAVY.

ORDERS have been received for a detachment of 253 United States recruits from Governor's Island, to go in the Northern Light on the 5th of November. They are destined for the 4th Infantry in Oregon, and 3d Artillery in California and Oregon, and are under command of Colonel Casey, 9th Infantry. The officers accompanying the detachment are Lieutenants St. Clair Dearing, 4th Infantry, and James Howard, 3d Artillery.

Lieutenant F. H. W. Fournie reported for duty at the Marine barracks, Brooklyn, on the 28th ult., from Washington. The following are the names of the officers assigned to the sloop-of-war *Vandalia*, to join the Pacific squadron: Commander Sinclair; Lieutenants Brown, Caldwell, John L. Davis, Fry, Gloriot; Acting-master, Babcock; Surgeon, Wilson; Assistant-Surgeon, Trist; and Purser, Jackson.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS CRAWFORD, the gifted American sculptor, whose long and painful sufferings have been so often alluded to in the public journals, died in London, on the 10th of October. Mr. Crawford was born in New York, in March, 1814. His passion for art was exhibited in his early years, and he commenced his exercise as a wood carver. In 1834 he went abroad, and studied under Thorwaldsen. In 1839 he produced his "Orpheus," which at once brought him name and genius prominently before the public. He has remained at Rome nearly all the time during the past twenty years, and has enjoyed a liberal share of public and private patronage. During his illness he made proper arrangements for the completion of the great work upon which he has recently been engaged for the State of Virginia. The statue of Beethoven in the Boston Music Hall is a noble monument of Mr. Crawford's genius.

Mrs. ANN RUSH, wife of Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia, died on the 24th ult. at Saratoga, where she had been for weeks prostrated by a most distressing illness. Mrs. Rush was a daughter of the late Jacob Kildgway, Esq., of Philadelphia, and heiress of part of his large fortune. She spent some years in Europe, where she acquired more than the usual share of modern accomplishments, as well as a taste for the elegancies of life which she so signally illustrated in her subsequent permanent residence in Philadelphia. Her mansion in West Chestnut street, erected about eight years ago, is dual in its proportions and in the splendor of its internal arrangements, and there she has been accustomed to dispense that queenly hospitality which has given her an unsurpassed eminence in American society. She had a genuine love for the arts, and was a liberal and impartial patroness and friend of artists of every grade. At her weekly receptions she delighted to assemble them around her, and to introduce them to society as well as to assist them in a more direct manner. Her annual balls have been, without exception, the most superb given anywhere in America, the extent and splendor of her saloons, and the unstinted outlay in the entertainment, making them far superior to any that could be given anywhere in a private American residence. To her friends she was faithful and devoted, and to all deserving persons she was most liberal in her benevolence and charities.

AUGUSTUS H. KNAUTH, Esq., well known as the senior proprietor of the *Sunday Mercury* of this city, died on the 29th ult., at his residence, No. 249 Broome street, of apoplexy. Hon. GEORGE A. SEDGWICK, Ex-Member of Congress, died at Keeseville, N. Y., on the 28th ult.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The winter season at this establishment commenced last Monday evening, Nov. 23, when Rossini's celebrated opera of "Semiramide" was produced with a powerful cast, which was as follows: Semiramide, Madame La Grange; Arance, Madame D'Angri; Idreno, Signor Labocetta; Assaro, Signor Gassier; and Oro, Signor Fortini. There was a very fair attendance considering the state of the times, and as no complimentary tickets were given, we presume that there was a fair cash return. At all events the beginning was far more brilliant than we hoped for, and we accept it as a good augury of success in the future. The opera was produced in very excellent style as regards dresses and appointments, and the scenery was excellent as usual, but of its appropriateness the less said the better. It is hardly worth while at this time to say anything about Rossini's music, still we cannot but remark that with all its beauties, the more we hear it the more soulless it appears to us. Passages, passages, nothing but passages, outside glitter and no real depth.

Madame La Grange sung the music with her accustomed brilliancy, but she did not indulge her hearers with one pure, steady, unbrokenly sustained note. She trembled on the minima, and she trembled on the demi-semiquavers, in fact no note was so short but Madame La Grange managed to tremble upon it. This carelessness or affectation, or what you will, has been growing upon her for some time, and we should like to see it remedied. It is not artistic, and it is extremely unpleasant. It is not a necessity with her, for we have heard her go through an entire performance without indulging in this absurd mannerism, so that we hope she will give up this disagreeable eccentricity and come back again to the style of excellence which won her the high reputation she enjoys.

Madame D'Angri achieved a splendid success as Arance. She dressed superbly and looked most beautiful. It was a luxury to listen to her rendering of the music. Her emphatic and earnest manner gave a character to the dramatic music, which, rendered by an inferior artist, would have been mere dashing prettiness. She invested it with a sentiment and passion we never thought it capable of, and made it indeed a new creation. She is, in good truth, one of the most thorough and finished artists we have ever had among us. Her execution is simply perfect; it is uttered with inconceivable rapidity, with the smooth flow of oil, and the separate distinctness of water drops. Her voice, which is only less beautiful than Alboni's, is entirely under her control, is always true and unvarying in its pitch. D'Angri proved herself on Monday evening the great art at she is, and excited the enthusiasm of the audience, which expressed itself in loud and hearty plaudits.

Gassier sang admirably. His music is extremely florid and difficult, and his execution of it was all that could be desired. The same must be said of Labocetta. Signor Fortini did not shine to advantage—indeed he did not shine at all.

The choruses were well executed, but the orchestra was by no means as good as usual. Its performance was generally ineffective, and sometimes slovenly. The violins are exceedingly weak—so much so that they were hardly discernible in the forces. Mr. Anichini must look to his laurels. He must keep his men to their work, for with the material at his command there is no excuse for a mediocre performance.

"Rigoletto" was performed on Wednesday evening, but we have not space to notice it this week.

THALBERG AND VIEUXTEMPS' LAST CONCERT.—The last grand concert of these great artists at Niblo's Saloon on Friday evening, October 30th, was really a triumph. There was a large and very brilliant attendance, and the entire programme was received with an unusual degree of enthusiasm. We hope that the artistic and monetary success of Friday evening will induce Messrs. Thalberg and Vieuxtemps to give at least one or two more concerts before they leave on their concert tour.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—A rival to our New York Philharmonic Society has been formed in Brooklyn, under the direction of Theodore Eisfeld. It has already commenced its rehearsals.

ARRIVAL OF SIGNOR ARDAGANI.—Signor Ardagani, first baritone of the Italian Opera in Paris, has arrived in New York. He is under engagement to the managers of the Academy of Music, where he will appear during the present week.

DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The Ronzani Ballet Troupe still continue their successful engagement at this establishment. Their last new ballet, "Il Briccone di Parigi," has proved very attractive, and has been performed every evening, with the addition occasionally of one act of the grand ballet of "Faust." An original and elegant novelty is announced as in preparation.

MR. MCKEAN BUCHANAN.—We understand that Mr. McKean Buchanan, the well-known tragedian, will appear at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening next. Mr. Buchanan has just arrived from Australia, where he has played several hundred nights with success, according to the local papers. His last benefit previous to his leaving for America was mentioned as a perfect ovation, the money receipts exceeding two thousand five hundred dollars. Mr. McKean Buchanan will play a round of Shakespearean characters, and in order to give due effect to the plays and to support him properly, an engagement has been made with Barry's fine stock company, of the Boston Theatre, and the principal artists from the Walnut Street Theatre, including Mr. and Mrs. Conway, Lizette Weston Davenport, and other favorite performers. There will be a Shakespearean revival in New York which will much gratify our old playgoers.

Laura Keen's Theatre.—The management of this elegant establishment has fallen back upon the old favorite pieces, and we are glad to learn that the result has been in the highest degree favorable to the treasury. A pleasant little trifle, called "My Son Diana," was produced here last week with complete success. It is too trifling to detail its plot, but it is full of fun, and the acting is spirited and admirable.

The grand spectacle of the "Sea of Ice" is in preparation at this house, and will be produced immediately.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The weird wind "Boreas" has proved a prosperous gale to this establishment. The weather has been wretched and the times hard, but the attraction of the new pantomime "Boreas" sets at naught the accidents of the seasons, and draws large and laughing audiences nightly. The acting of the Ravel family in this exceedingly clever ballet pantomime is beyond all praise. Their fun is so genuine, so quaint, and so unceasing, that we cease to wonder at the crowds that throng to its representation. But notwithstanding the absorbing interest of the pantomime, the popularity and attractiveness of Mdlle. Rolla have not abated one jot. She is a most charming danseuse, and a universal favorite. The pantomime and Mdlle. Rolla will continue to delight the habitués of Niblo's Garden for some time to come.

GEORGE CHRISTY AND WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—The *edat* of the new theatre in Wood's Building still attracts crowds to witness the performances of these popular minstrels. It is constantly stated that over two thousand persons have been present every night for the last three weeks. This is a remarkable success, but every one of their old friends must visit Wood & Christy in their new location, and the crowded houses are thus accounted for. The performances are fully up to the old excellent standard, and offer an endless source of laughter and amusement.

FRENDERGAST'S MINSTRELS.—There are many excellent singers in this newly organized troupe, and several of them are old and popular public favorites. They give a light and very pleasant entertainment, and the Olympic Theatre resounds with the merry music of hearty laughter caused by their broad fun and humor. The Frendergast Troupe is fast rising into popularity.

BARNEY'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The performances at this favorite place of amusement continue as in our last, but the Welsh Nightingales and other attractions will shortly be superseded by an excellent dramatic company, which a series of novelties peculiar in their character to this establishment will be produced. These, in addition to the millions of curiosities, will sustain the character of the Museum as a place of popular amusement.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, CHINESE BUILDING.—We have rarely seen an exhibition of deeper and more abiding interest than the Anatomical Museum at the Chinese Assembly Rooms in Broadway. The collection is rare and worthy the inspection of both the learned and the unlearned. There are days set apart for the exclusive visits of ladies, and a lecture is given by a lady fully competent.

LITERATURE.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, containing Five Thousand Receipts and Maxims. By Mrs. E. F. ELLET. Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway.

This is the most comprehensive work on housekeeping that we have seen. It must not be looked upon as a mere book of cooking-receipts. It comprehends everything that a housekeeper should know, beginning with domestic education, and thoughts and maxims on housekeeping. It treats of "The House and its Furniture," giving many valuable suggestions and hints as to economy, comfort and taste. The "Duties of the Mistress" and the "Duties of the Servant" will be found most important chapters—invaluable indeed to young housekeepers. Among other important subjects, not the least are those which treat of "The Store-room and Marketing," "Domestic Manipulation," "Care of Child and their Food," and "The Table and Attendance." All these chapters exhibit a thorough knowledge of the several subjects, and will be found as guides to follow.

The "Art of Cookery," "Receipts under Forty-five Heads," "Family Bills of Fare," "Perfumery and the Toilet," "Infusions and Cosmetics," "Pomades, Vinegars, Soups, &c.," "The Family Medical Guide," and a vast number of "Miscellaneous Receipts," make up a volume whose merits no praise of ours can exaggerate. We have looked the work carefully through; we have examined the various heads; we have felt our mouth water over the tempting dishes, and wondered at the simplicity of their construction; and acknowledging the admirable taste and tact displayed in the matter of the work, we say unhesitatingly that we know no one book that so thoroughly deals with the subject in all its ramifications, and is at once so clear, so simple and so thorough.

Mrs. Ellet's "Practical Housekeeper" is a work that should be found in every family. To the young housekeeper it is invaluable—it is her life's nut-meat in parve; to the experienced housekeeper it will reveal much that she has desired to know, and to the mother, a friend in many a sudden emergency. We commend it cordially to our readers; they will find in it a thousand items of interest that we have not been able even to allude to. It contains five hundred illustrative engravings, and the whole work is brought out in admirable style by Messrs. Stringer & Townsend.

What has become of Herbert's great Horse Book? We have not received it yet.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. Louis Republican* has seen Captain Van Vleet, confidential agent of the Government at Paimetto, Kansas, who was returning from Salt Lake City. He reported that the Mormons refused to allow the United States troops to enter the city, and that Brigham Young publicly declares that he will fire the prairies, thus depriving the animals of the expedition of subsistence, and will even burn his own city, if necessary, before he will submit to the demands of the United States Government.

The express train on the Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Wheeling road, which left that city on Wednesday evening, met with an accident by which the engine and baggage car were broken up, the life of the engineer seriously endangered, and one or two others slightly bruised. As the train was approaching Wellsville, it came in contact with an obstruction in the shape of a fence-rail upon the track, evidently placed there by some malicious persons, to avenge, by the sacrifice of life and destruction of property, an imaginary or real wrong. The train was thrown from the track, and the engine and baggage car completely wrecked.

Ice a quarter of an inch thick was found in Boston on the night of the 11th inst.

In the Circuit Court of Bedford county, Virginia, last week, Miss Almira W. Wingfield, aged thirty-four, obtained a verdict of \$2,500 against William Stain, aged eighty, for a breach of promise of marriage.

Nicholas Savelli, the Catholic curate of the parish of Flaquemes, La., was recently murdered by several men, who set upon him with daggers and stabbed him in twenty-eight places, literally heaving him in pieces. His offence was criminal intercourse with female relatives of the murderers, three of whom are now in prison.

The Board of Management of the Society for the Employment and Relief of the Poor of New York, regret to state to the subscribers their loss of nearly one-half of their fund, by the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Co., and by the depreciation of their bank stock.

We have news from Campechy and Sisal to the 26th of Sept. There had been no further actual hostilities, though the contending parties still maintained a belligerent attitude. The Indians of the interior, taking advantage of the unsettled condition of affairs, had entered a village, apparently with friendly intentions, and, gaining admission to the houses, commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children. Very few of the inhabitants escaped. Over five hundred bodies had been found, and more being discovered daily.

On Tuesday last Mr. S. W. Rogers, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. N. H. Gold, of Newport, R. I., visited Frankfurt, Ky., upon private business, having no connection whatever with banks or financial matters. Soon after registering their names at the hotel, they took a stroll through the town, and on their return were surprised to find the office and steps of the hotel filled with a large crowd of people, who were loudly talking, and whose remarks seemed to be directed to the two gentlemen as they entered the house. Being innocent of any offence, they could not understand the cause of so much excitement, until the cry of "Drive the Cincinnati Abolition brokers out of the town," greeted their ears, and they were warned by a friend that they had better leave the city. The explanation of this mob-law demonstration was, that the gentlemen were suspected of being money-brokers from Cincinnati, who had come into town for the purpose of getting bills of the Frankfurt banks redeemed in specie. Rather than subject themselves to insult, and perhaps to personal violence, both gentlemen concluded to take the first train of cars, being followed to the depot by the excited crowd, who booed, shouted and threatened.

A duel came off at an early hour Tuesday week, a few miles from Stockton, Ca., between Mr. C. M. Blair and Col. Casey, both of Merced county. A bitter animosity has for some time past existed between the parties, growing out of a rivalry to obtain the hand of Miss L., a young lady of prepossessing personal appearance and accomplishments, at present residing with her father on the Stanislaus. Mr. Blair and Col. Casey met in the bar-room of the Weber House on Monday evening, each accompanied by friends, where a conversation ensued between them, at first apparently in a friendly manner; but Blair, becoming vexed at the apparent indifference which his rival assumed, made some severe charges, which Casey denounced as false, and, at the same time, rising from his seat, struck Blair a severe blow with his fist. Casey drew his revolver, but was prevented from using it by persons present. Blair, being unarmed, stepped back, but was pursued by Casey, who dealt him another severe blow on the face. The friends of the parties, however, succeeded in preventing bloodshed and restoring order; shortly after which arrangements were made for a settlement of the difficulty by other means. Yesterday morning was fixed as the time of meeting, at a place three miles from the city, where the parties met at daylight, accompanied by a few spectators. The ground was measured, a distance of ten paces, and the word being given, shots were exchanged. On the first fire each party missed aim. The second shot took effect upon Casey, causing a slight flesh wound. Upon attempting the third shot, the cylinder upon Casey's pistol refused to revolve in consequence of an exploded cap lodging upon the tube. Firing was then discontinued for about ten minutes, during which time the weapons, Col. Casey's, were reloaded in every chamber, and firing was again resumed. Each party exchanged six shots in quick succession without the "word" three of which took effect upon Casey, while Blair escaped without injury. The *San Joaquin Republican* says that, badly wounded as Col. Casey was, he insisted upon having another round of six shots each, which his friends, of course, prohibited. Col. Casey is since dead.

A clandestine marriage had just been solemnized by a justice of the peace at Raleigh, N.C., last week, when the bride's brother rushed into the office in a promiscuous manner, pulled out a pistol, and commenced the exchange of random shots with the magistrate. Nobody was hurt, however, and so the "little affair" ended.

Mr. Forbes, of Boston, is constructing a small steamer about ninety feet long, and to draw only two feet of water, to be used by Captain Paige in continuing and completing the survey of the Parana river in South America, for which Congress made an appropriation of \$25,000 in its last session. The steamer will be constructed in three sections, so as to be carried out on the deck of a sailing vessel. She is expected to be ready for shipment by the middle of November, and will be put together at Rosario, two hundred miles up the Parana river, which can be reached by vessels of the largest size.

The Galena (Ill.) Mining Companies advertise for ten thousand laboring men, promising steady employment.

Eighteen persons, it is now known, were lost at the late fire in Chicago, and one or two more are supposed to be missing.

Sir Charles Fox, the celebrated English engineer, and builder of the London Crystal Palace, has arrived in New York. He intends inspecting the various railroads throughout the Union previous to his return to England in February.

One hundred Alpaca sheep from Gyaquil, arrived at Panama a short time since, destined for the United States. It is believed they will thrive well in Vermont and other mountainous districts of our country.

A bear was ravaging the flock of Mr. Tweedy, of Williamstown, New Brunswick, and his son one night watched for it where it had left a carcass half eaten. The night was dark, and the young man unexpectedly found the bear looking over the fence at him. He put the gun into the brute's mouth and blew away its upper jaw, and thought he had killed it, as it fell. He went for his father; but when they got back Bruin was running away. The son again fired, the bear turning, rushed upon them, threw down Mr. Tweedy, rolled upon him and tore him. The beast then attacked the son, tore his clothes, dislocated his arm, and threw him down. The father, who had risen, came to the son's aid, and broke the gun on the bear, when the animal, having the son, then dreadfully mangled, again attacked the father, and struck him senseless to the ground. At this juncture, the daughter of Mr. Tweedy, hearing the noise, came to the rescue, and taking up a large mallet, she so belabored Bruin's head, that it released her father and ran at her, tore her clothes, and knocked her down; but she released herself, and continued her assault until the bear ran away. It died a short distance from the scene of the conflict. The animal weighed about five hundred pounds.

A new root has been sent from Texas to New Orleans, called the "whisky root," used by the Indians instead of whisky. A small portion of it eaten produces an intoxicating effect.

The State laws require the New Orleans banks to keep an amount of specie on hand equal to one-third of their liabilities. The penalty for failing below this, \$100 on each director for every day that the bank is "out of line"—a pretty effectual bar to expansion.

On the day following the shock of the earthquake of the 6th ult., at San Francisco, the sea beach in the neighborhood of Black Point and the surf striking the beach was full of small reddish animals, all dead, and so numerous as to discolor the water to the distance of ninety feet from the shore. They varied from an eighth to a half-inch in length, were soft in substance, and in form like caterpillars. They are supposed to be the larva of some species of marine invertebrate, probably of the class of amphipods; each was inclosed in a tubular shell, which appeared to have been broken off some hard substance at the bottom of the sea by the action of the waves.

Forty-seven sheep, in the enclosure of Benjamin Bacon, Jr., of Woodstock, Me., were killed by lightning during a violent thunder-storm.

It is said the fire that destroyed Columbia, California, and \$700,000 worth of property, originated from an opium smoker in a Chinese brothel.

The Moore block in Lansing, Mich., was burnt Oct. 13th. Loss \$26,000. The incendiary was caught setting other parts of the city on fire for purposes of plunder. He was with difficulty saved from the operation of Lynch-law.

A few days since, a young man residing in Poughkeepsie, named Parker, while in a state of somnambulism, got up, dressed himself, and taking passage on a freight train, rode to Dobbs's Ferry, a distance of fifty-five miles, before he was conscious of his whereabouts. Here, the conductor seeing a person in the baggage-car, inquired for his ticket, but received no answer. Upon shaking him, Parker awoke and was astonished to find himself where he was.

The crop of wool in Ohio this year is worth \$6,000,000.

Henry Shaw, a wealthy gentleman of St. Louis, has declared his intention to rent a vacant lot and fill it with wood for the benefit of the poor there during the coming winter.

THE POPE OF ROME KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER.

The ceremony so splendidly represented in our engraving is one of the most magnificent and imposing in the Roman Church. It does not appear to take place on stated occasions, but seems to be performed according to the impulse of the reigning Pope. The last great state appearance of Pius IX. was made memorable by this event, and at the time attracted a great deal of attention from the members of the Catholic church, implying that it was unusual even at Rome. The precedent is set for it in the following incident: As soon as a new Pope is elected the Cardinals, who are the heads of their respective orders, among other things, present him with the fisherman's ring, after which the Master of the Ceremonies draws up a formal instrument of the Pope's acceptance. The two first Cardinal-Deacons then conduct the new Pope behind the altar, where they take off his Cardinal's habit to put on the Pontifical, which is a white taffeta cassock, a linen rochet, a camail, and a cap, with shoes made of red cloth embroidered with gold. Thus richly dressed, the Pope is carried before the altar, and there the Cardinal-Deacons first, and after them the Cardinals, adore his Holiness upon their knees, kissing his foot and his right hand. After this the Cardinal-Deacons, carrying the crozier and different insignia of the church, preceded by the Master of the Ceremonies, bearing the cross, chaunt, "Behold the High Priest so acceptable to God." Then one of the culverins of St. Peter's is discharged, to give the Governor of St. Angelo notice to discharge all his artillery. All the bells of the city begin to ring at the same time, and the air resounds with the strains of military music.

Such is the ceremony attending the inauguration of a new Pope into the Holy See, and in commemoration of the custom no doubt, the Pope, setting an example of humility himself, arrayed in all his splendid habiliments, and surrounded by the dignitaries of the church in their rich robes, accompanied by ravishing music, witnessed by thousands of spectators filling the body of St. Peter's church, and announced by salvos of artillery, performs the ceremony, one of the most gorgeous and impressive that can be performed by human agency, and commemorative of the most solemn act of religion.

Though this ceremony is sometimes considered as an instance of the veneration and esteem which Christians entertain for the Pope, or the Pope entertains for the statue of St. Peter, it will appear on the whole that it is a worship devoted to Christ alone, for it must be observed that the Pope's slipper has a cross upon it (the bare foot is not presented), which is the emblem of our Saviour crucified. The successors of St. Peter have invariably ordered that their sandals should have the cross on the upper-leathers, so that it is not the foot of his Holiness but the emblem of Christianity that is worshipped. In regard to this custom, it is doubtless very ancient. Baronius gives an instance of it in the year 204, and it appears that the Emperor Justin, Pepin King of France, and others kissed the Pope's foot. The time, however, when the custom became constantly practised is not correctly known, nor when the custom was first introduced of the Pope kissing the toe of St. Peter. However strange this ceremony may strike the imagination of the American reader, it cannot be witnessed under the dome of St. Peter, and amid the associations of the Eternal City, without striking the most thoughtless with solemnity, and filling the soul, for the time being at least, with emotions of profound veneration and awe.

THE PAPAL TIARA.

INSIGNIA of sovereignty differ in form and character all over the world, but are recognised in some manner wherever sovereign authority is vested in one individual. The crown, denoting imperial or royal dignity, was adopted at a very early period of the world's history. Crowns were placed on statues and images of

the heathen gods; they were also worn by priests while engaged in sacrificial services. Some antiquarians have supposed that the crown was originally a religious rather than a civil ornament. The first mention we have of such an ornament is to be found in the story of the Amalekites bringing Saul's crown to David. The first Roman who wore a crown was Tarquin, B. C. 616. Originally it was only a fillet tied round the head; afterwards it was formed of leaves and flowers, and also of stuffs adorned with jewels. Later Emperors varied the style according to fancy. The royal crown was first worn in England by Alfred, in 872; it is said to have had two little bells attached, and to have been long preserved at Westminster. William the Conqueror wore his crown as a cap, adorned with points. Richard III. introduced the crosses; Henry VII. introduced the arches.

The mitre is also of very ancient use. The Pope has four mitres, more or less magnificent, and worn according to the ceremony to be performed, or the solemnity of the festival. Cardinals anciently were entitled to wear mitres, but at the Council of Lyons they were ordered to wear hats—a practice which prevails to the present day.

The tiara, a kind of conical cap, was in ancient times worn by the inhabitants of middle and western Asia. The tiara worn by the common people was soft and flexible, and hung down on one side; the upright tiara was only used by kings, priests and other people of the highest rank. The tiaras of the aristocracy were costly in material, brilliant in color, and usually adorned with precious stones. Xenophon says the tiara was encompassed with diadems, at least in ceremonials. An ornamented tiara of this description was worn by the Jewish high priest.

The triple crown or tiara of the Pope is indicative of his civil rank, as the keys are of his spiritual authority and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. It was formerly a round, high cap, and Pope Damasius II. in 1053 was the first who was crowned with it. Pope John XIX. was the first who encompassed the cap with a diadem, 1276; Boniface II. added a second, 1295; and Benedict XII. formed the triple crown or tiara, about 1334. These crowns are covered with precious stones, and ornamented with an orb, on which stands a cross, and on two sides of it a chain of precious stones. Our illustrative engraving is a faithful representation of



THE LATE GEO. WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS, ADOPTED SON OF WASHINGTON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST, WASHINGTON CITY. SEE PAGE 362.

this highly interesting and elaborate production. The arrangement of the gold and jewels is remarkable for taste and splendor, while the emblematic character of the whole design is distinctly preserved.

THE ELECTRICAL EEL.

THIS extraordinary animal was first discovered in the year 1677, at Surinam, in South America. It is a great misfortune that Dr. Franklin could not have met with it at the time he was first developing his theory of electricity, for in one of these eels he would have possessed a natural battery. Nature has provided the fish with this singular power for the purpose of protection, and also to enable it to secure its prey. It has been observed to send a shock into a fish and thus kill it, after which it was devoured. The eel in its general appearance cannot be distinguished from the ordinary kinds so familiar in our own waters, and seldom grows to a length of over four feet. Its electrical apparatus cannot be distinguished by dissection. A gentleman met with one about eighteen inches long, which he endeavored to seize and hold, but he was unable to do so, the fish benumbing his arm from his hand to his shoulder. It was also observed that the shock would pass up the stick by which the animal was arrested, in its efforts to escape from persecution. Another singular instance is given where a person had several in a tub, and wishing to increase the water in the tub he poured in a pail full; the electric fluid passed upward through the water and nearly killed him. Humboldt was very much interested in the electrical eel, and he mentions it as among the most remarkable natural curiosities he ever saw. He says the Indians of Surinam, when they come across a stream inhabited by these animals, they drive in a number of wild horses, and so powerful are the shocks that the horses are frequently stricken down, and are filled with

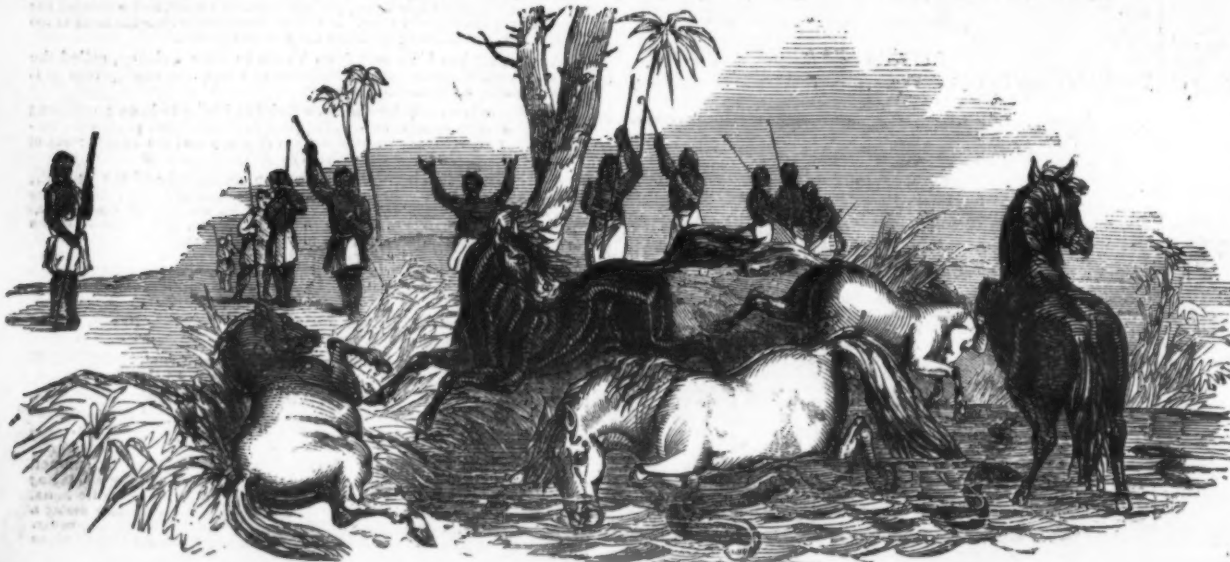


THE POPE'S TIARA OR "TRIPLE CROWN."

the most terrible alarm. After the fish have for the time being exhausted their power, the natives enter the water, seize the eels, drag them ashore, and knock off their heads. Our illustrative engraving gives a very spirited idea of the exciting scene of the conflict between the electricians and the horses.

A PRISONER of state, incarcerated in a dungeon in Piedmont, not long since attempted to escape by taking the place of a deceased fellow prisoner in the coffin. Removing the corpse, he laid it upon the straw in the corner of the cell and threw his blanket over it, so it should resemble a prisoner asleep, and then, stretching himself in the coffin, shut the lid. The bearers came in, took up the coffin and carried it forth; but unfortunately, as they were crossing the courtyard, the prisoner was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The bearers dropped the coffin and fled with terror, but some of the guards not being so superstitious, hastened to the spot, caught the poor fellow, and carried him back to his dungeon.

BRICKS.—By repeated tests it has been shown that perforated bricks have double the strength of solid ones. A pier of the ordinary kind was crushed in England with 150 tons weight, while 350 tons were required to crush the same pier, built of the hollow brick. The new kind is also drier and more favorable to ventilation, consuming less, too, of a material now less abundant than of old. All the model lodging-houses in London are built with the new article.



THE NATIVES OF SURINAM, SOUTH AMERICA, DRIVING WILD HORSES INTO A BED OF ELECTRICAL EELS.



POPE PIUS IX. IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH, AT ROME. THE CEREMONY OF KISSING THE TOE OF ST. PETER.

THE LATE GEO. W. P. CUSTIS.

Mr. CUSTIS, of Arlington House, and known to the world as the adopted son of Washington, was the last person living who was legitimately connected with the family of the "Father of his Country." Although only an adopted son, he felt all the admiration for his parents that could inspire any child, and to the day of his death displayed a noble spirit in his desire to do honor to the sublime associations connected with his person. Mr. Custis, at the time of his death, was seventy-seven years of age, and was, consequently, on the verge of manhood when Washington died; he therefore had a vivid recollection, not only of the great chief's personal appearance, but was familiar with some of the most stirring incidents that associated themselves with the last days of Washington's life. Daniel Park Custis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, died at the age of thirty, and left two children, whom Washington regarded with the most earnest solicitude. John Park Custis, one of these children, was Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief at Yorktown, where he was seized with a camp fever, and soon afterward died. Washington, upon hearing the announcement, it is said, was profoundly moved, and when he recovered himself, said "From this hour I will adopt as my own his two youngest children." One of these was Geo. W. P. Custis, whose portrait adorns the pages of this number of our paper. Mr. Custis was but six months' old when thus adopted. He remained in the family until it was broken up by the death of his grandmother, Washington's wife. Soon after this Mr. Custis built Arlington House, which became the residence of his life. Here he occupied his time in elegant leisure, collecting relics of his venerated father, indulging in literary pursuits, the cultivation of the arts, and the generous hospitalities for which he was so long and so properly celebrated.

Arlington is situated near the river bank of the Potomac, and from its portico can be seen the Capitol, White House, Smithsonian Institute, and the principal objects of the federal city. At the foot of a wooded slope, near the river bank, is Arlington Spring, famous as the pleasantest picnic ground about Washington city. Some years ago Mr. Custis had several frame buildings put up for the accommodation of guests, and also built a wharf for the convenience of landing. The grounds while he lived were free to all comers, and were much used during the summer season by parties from Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown.

Mr. Custis was at an early age married to Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, of Virginia. With her he lived long, and realized a happy life—she, dying but three years ago, leaving but one child, the wife of Colonel Robert Lee, of the United States army. This lady resided at Arlington after the death of her mother, and comforted the last years of her father's life. Among the favorite pursuits of Mr. Custis was painting, and he produced several battles in which Washington was conspicuously engaged, and although not ranking among works of higher art, they will ever have an intrinsic interest for their faithful delineation of costume, and as portraits of some of our most eminent revolutionary fathers, with whom Mr. Custis, from his infancy, was familiar. He also indulged in the writing of plays; but the most valuable literary performances he has given to the world were his annual contributions to the *National Intelligencer*, known as the "Custis Recollections of Washington," and it is presumed that they will be eventually gathered in a volume, to become part of the history of the country. Mr. Custis will be greatly missed from his neighborhood, not only by the citizens living permanently in the vicinity, but also by visitors from every part of the Union. It was his pride to make all who called on him feel that they were at home, and his power to gratify was equal to his ambition. His heart was the very seat of hospitality, and his greatest pleasure to display something that would add to the veneration we all feel for Washington. As we have already suggested, with him dies the last person connected with the greatest of heroes and patriots. Thus are the immediate actors with those who achieved our national independence passing away, and in a few more years all living representatives of the revolutionary era will be gone.

THE KING OF THE PEAK; OR, THE HIDDEN MINE.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The chevalier remained silent for a moment, astonished at the young girl's sagacity. "I know not how to reply to such vague charges," he said, with a forced smile, "save by stating that they are unfounded. I love you, and I shall always love you. Away then with these ridiculous suspicions!—and remember that soon, perhaps to-morrow, we shall be united by the indissoluble ties of marriage. Can I give you a better proof than this of the loyalty of my sentiments for you?"

"I am willing to believe you," she said, with a sigh; "and yet, Adolphe, I will avow to you that this very morning I felt so convinced I had become indifferent to you, that I was disposed to release you from your engagement altogether."

"Had you done that, Geraldine, what would have become of you, now that you have only me in the world?"

"I should have died," she murmured.

The chevalier became pensive; but feeling that his silence would be misinterpreted by Mademoiselle de Blanchfort, he replied abruptly, "Let us change this melancholy topic, and talk of things more agreeable to both of us. What do you think of our host, of this unknown protector, whose singular power has already manifested itself so often in our favor?"

"What can I think, Adolphe, save that Monsieur Raymond is a generous man, who nobly employs his fortune in promoting the happiness of those around him."

"And do you suppose," cried the chevalier, warmly, "that this fortune could not be applied to a better purpose than in promoting the happiness of a few hundred mountaineers? Bah! When I think of the use a man of the world would make of these riches—when I think of the honors he might attain with such wealth—I feel angry with this original, who knows so little how to profit by his advantages; but what can be expected from one who is not of gentle blood—a mere rustic, bred amidst these hills."

"He may not be a man of rank and title," replied Geraldine, with generous warmth; "he may not be descended from an illustrious line of ancestry; but that he is a noble man, in the truest sense of the term, there cannot be a doubt. It requires something more than a mere patent of nobility to make a man noble. Adolphe, a monarch might be proud of this man's reputation for benevolence and goodness!"

Mademoiselle de Blanchfort was right; worth, honor and high-minded conduct are surer standards of true nobility than high-sounding titles and heraldic devices—

A prince can make a belted knight, a marquis, duke, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth, are higher ranks than a' that.

"Oh! Geraldine," resumed Adolphe, with involuntary transport, "how happy we should be with such an inexhaustible treasure as this Michael Raymond seems to possess!"

"Are riches, then, essential to happiness?" demanded the young girl, with melancholy.

"They are indispensable to a certain extent," replied the chevalier; "a competency is at all events indispensable; and I have lived long enough to know that when poverty comes in at one door, happiness generally stalks out at the other. What can be more delightful than to have ample means to gratify all one's tastes and wishes? Yes, yes, the lot of poverty is one thing, and the state of enjoyment is another. Money nothing to do with happiness! Fudge! Who would not be rich if he could? You, Geraldine, have been brought

up for luxury and opulence. Think what splendid presents a husband, rich as this obscure mountaineer, could make you! How beautiful you would look in a tiara of diamonds! How proud you would be in the magnificent palace I would be able to construct for you! This mountaineer must possess a princely fortune, to have accomplished what he has done here! I begin to think that the country people are right in saying he has discovered a gold mine in these mountains, for in no other way can I account for his extraordinary proceedings. I find, upon inquiry, that he has received no return whatever for the immense sums he has expended. No, no, I am not mistaken; this mine exists, but in what spot no one knows, save perhaps Michael Raymond and his daughter; but they are both impenetrable. The vagabond whose insolent behavior made such an impression upon them on the day of our arrival, was evidently in the secret. I would have paid him half I possess for the solution of this enigma, but he suddenly disappeared, and no one seems to know what has become of him. Oh! what would I not give to penetrate the mysteries which surround the king of the Peak!"

"Beware, Adolphe," said Geraldine, timidly, "beware of being ungrateful to a man who has already rendered us such important services."

The chevalier fell into a profound reverie; his eye wandered listlessly over the landscape which stretched itself out before him. Suddenly he started up, and pointing to a person who was ascending the path, he cried with an accent of joy, "Look! it is she! it is Menella!"

Geraldine glanced in the direction indicated, and recognised the daughter of their host; she was approaching them as rapidly as the rugged nature of the ground would permit. Her bold style of beauty and imposing form seemed in a manner to harmonise with the savage character of the landscape. In a drawing-room her beauty might have appeared too masculine; in the midst of this Alpine grandeur it shone resplendent. Whilst she was thus climbing the mountain, her straw hat thrown back, and retained by a ribbon upon her shoulders, so as to expose the tresses of her flowing hair, "black as the raven's wing," the chevalier could not restrain his admiration.

"Look, Geraldine!" he cried; "does not yon magnificent girl merit another sort of husband than the clownish peasant who may one day aspire to her hand?"

"You forget that Mademoiselle Raymond has already stated to us she does not intend to marry," said Geraldine.

"We must take that assertion for as much as it is worth," replied the chevalier, laughing. "I dare say she will not marry until she meets with some one more to her taste than any of these rustic bores around her; the only difficulty would be to know the precise conditions which the father and daughter would impose. I declare she resembles in nothing any of the women I have ever seen—" He paused under the ardent gaze which Mademoiselle de Blanchfort fixed upon him. "What notions you take into your head!" he muttered, as if responding to her thought.

At this moment Menella reached the spot where they were seated. "They await you at the village," she said, coldly; "the lawyer has returned, and brings you important news." She was about to retrace her steps, when Geraldine gently retained her.

"Of what nature is the news, Menella?" demanded Geraldine, eagerly. "Has my father consented?" She suddenly paused.

"To your marriage with the Chevalier de Peyras?" added Menella, finishing the sentence. "I know not."

"Menella!" faltered Geraldine, blushing.

"Seek not to deceive me," said Menella; "this young man is not your brother!"

"Believe me," resumed Geraldine, "that necessity alone—"

"He is not your brother," repeated the young mountain maid, with an air of cold dignity; "you have uttered a falsehood, and take care that God does not punish you for it."

Geraldine bent her head under this unexpected humiliation, and wept.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "you are right. God will punish me—he already punishes me. Adolphe, Adolphe, do you still say that I have not made sacrifices for you?"

"Mademoiselle Menella," cried the chevalier, "I know that you have the right to be severe; but is it generous to overwhelm a companion, because perhaps she has had less courage and command over herself than you?"

"I regret what I have said," replied Menella; "I was carried away by a momentary impulse: I have been too hasty and severe." Then turning towards the weeping girl and embracing her, she added, ardently, "Forgive me, and forget what has passed; I will be your friend."

There was so much truth, sincerity and nobleness in her manner of uttering these words—"I will be your friend"—that the most energetic protestations could not have equalled the effect of them. The gentle Geraldine returned her embrace; and if any feeling of rivalry had existed between them, it disappeared at this moment.

"Well," said the chevalier, gaily, "peace is made, and will doubtless not soon be broken. But did you not say, Mademoiselle Raymond, that they awaited us at the village?"

"Yes," replied Menella, in a voice as calm as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. "My father, who saw you from his window, requested me to urge your immediate return. Let us hasten."

The chevalier offered her his arm to descend the path; she declined it with an air of disdain; he then turned towards his betrothed, but the latter thanked him with a melancholy smile, and quickly rejoined Menella, whose arm she took with the security of a child who places itself under the safeguard of its mother.

As they drew near the village, a singular sight riveted their attention. A crowd of people were advancing up the principal street, headed by four men, who were carrying some heavy object enveloped in a mantle. Menella evinced more agitation than the occasion appeared to call for.

"My friend," demanded Geraldine, timidly, "what are these good people doing?—their appearance seems to alarm you."

"Does it not strike you," said Menella, suddenly stopping, "that yonder object under the mantle resembles a human body deprived of life?"

"It has that appearance certainly," replied Geraldine, in a low tone.

Menella quickened her steps, followed by her two companions. On reaching the crowd she perceived amongst them a relative of her late mother's, a venerable gray-headed man, who seemed to command the others. She advanced towards him with apparent calmness. The procession halted, and the mountaineers respectfully raised their bonnets.

"Uncle Thomond," demanded Menella, in a low tone, "what are you carrying there with such precaution?" The old man gave some evasive reply, and made a sign to the bearers to proceed. "Stop!" cried Menella, in an imperious tone, "I must first have an answer to my question."

"My child," said the old man, mildly, "since you are so obstinate I suppose I must gratify your curiosity. Be not alarmed, then, when I tell you that your object is the body of a man which has been found at the bottom of the precipice of La Grave. Your father will have to draw up an official report of the decease; tell him we will await him. Withdraw, my child; this is not a sight for such as you to look upon."

Menella shuddered; some fearful idea shot like lightning across her brain. "Who is the dead man?" she demanded, in a deep and impressive tone.

"Lapierre, the knife-grinder!" replied her uncle; "and no great loss to the province either."

Menella's strength of mind seemed now entirely to desert her. "Lapierre!" she cried, turning frightfully pale and clasping her hands wildly, "Lapierre—dead—at the bottom of a precipice! Did you say Lapierre?"

"Even so, my child," replied her uncle.

"And why has he been doomed to death? Who has commanded this assassination?" she added, with an outburst of emotion that made a powerful impression upon those around.

"Who speaks of assassination?" replied the old man, calmly.

"You are alarmed, my child, and know not what you say. This man was a notorious drunkard, and doubtless staggered over the precipice, which you are aware is close to the roadside. A considerable sum was found upon his person; had he been slain by robbers, they would of course have taken his money. You know all; adieu! forget not my commission."

The bearers proceeded on their way, followed by the crowd, whilst Geraldine and Adolphe drew Menella towards her father's house; but on approaching the door she suddenly quitted them and retreated several steps. "Enter alone," she said in broken tones; "my

father wishes to speak with you upon matters concerning your own happiness; I have not strength to see him at this moment—"

Her voice failed her; the muscles of her face quivered as if she strove to restrain an outburst of grief. The next moment she waved her hand and disappeared.

CHAPTER VI.

O woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!—SCOTT.

MICHAEL RAYMOND and Renaud, seated before a table covered with papers, seemed to be earnestly discussing some matter of business; they both rose on seeing Geraldine and the chevalier, and whilst the lawyer saluted his patron's daughter with fulsome adulation, the mountaineer cried in his jovial way, "Ah! naughty runaways who make fortune await you! On my faith, you little imagine what favors the capricious goddess has in store for you!"

"Does my father pardon me?" demanded Geraldine eagerly.

"He not only pardons you," said Michael Raymond, "but consents to your marriage with the Chevalier de Peyras."

"May Heaven reward him!" murmured Geraldine fervently.

As for Adolphe, he contented himself with saying, as he cast a contemptuous glance upon Renaud, "I concluded that the marquis had withdrawn his opposition, on seeing the cringing humility of his agent."

"You are as full of prejudices as an egg is full of meat!" cried Michael Raymond testily. "Is it thus you recompense this poor lawyer, who has just made two journeys in your service?"

"I know sufficient of lawyer Renaud," replied the chevalier coldly, "to feel quite assured that he does nothing without an interested motive. It is you, Monsieur Raymond," he added, shaking the king of the Peak cordially by the hand, "it is you alone whom I thank, and to whom I believe myself indebted for my happiness."

"And I, monsieur," cried Geraldine, with fervor, "I renew my vow to love and respect you, as your daughter Menella loves and respects you; I owe you more than life."

"I will now tell you," said the good man, moved by the gratitude of his young proteges, "the true motives of my conduct in this affair. You have doubtless more than once been surprised at the power which I exercise over most of those who approach me. You are both too young to know the authority which a bag of gold, coined or uncoined, carries with it."

"What!" cried Geraldine, "is it with gold you succeeded in overcoming my father's obstinacy?"

"I wish rather to believe," said the king of the Peak, smiling, "that the desire to see his daughter happy, and—perhaps another consideration which is personal to me, and of which I shall speak presently, has decided him to no longer oppose your union. Here is his consent in due form, accompanied by a letter of forgiveness to yourself; and here," he added, taking a bulky parchment from the table, "is your marriage contract."

"Our marriage contract!" said Adolphe, amazed. "In so short a time, too!"

"You have to thank Renaud for this expedition," replied the mountaineer; "the contract is already signed by the marquis; a notary will attend to witness your signature this evening. The contents of this document are explained in a few words; the marquis gives his daughter a hundred thousand livres for her marriage portion."

"A noble dowry, and more than I had any right to expect!" said Geraldine, with tears in her eyes.

"Tut! tut!" said the mountaineer; "it is no great sum for a man of his fortune to give his only child; your future husband on his part charges his estates with an additional one hundred thousand livres for your jointure."

"That clause would be all very proper if I had the power to act up to it," replied Adolphe, shrugging his shoulders; "but of what avail is such gratuitous generosity on my part, since my estates are in the hands of my creditors, and so deeply mortgaged that Geraldine's entire fortune would scarcely suffice to redeem them!"

"I am happy to have it in my power to afford you convincing proofs to the contrary," said the mountaineer, smiling, as he took a bundle of papers from the table. "I find here receipts for various sums, amounting all together to a hundred and eight thousand livres, so that your chateau of Peyras and its dependencies is as much at your disposal as on the day you succeeded to your patrimony. In a word, you are discharged from all your liabilities."

"Who has done this?" cried the chevalier, joyfully. "Who has rescued me from the disgraceful position in which I had placed myself?"

"You shall hear presently," replied the mountaineer; "first let me finish what I was about to observe. The chateau of Peyras is close to Lyons, and your elopement is much talked of there; it would not be advisable to return immediately after your marriage to a city where you would be subjected to much impertinent curiosity. A banker of Grenoble has therefore been instructed to purchase an estate for you in that neighborhood, where you can reside until it suits you to return to Peyras; you will receive the conveyance in a few days. In the meantime," added Michael Raymond, in a voice which trembled in spite of his efforts to speak calm, "in the meantime, as Monsieur and Madame de Peyras must not be reduced to the necessity of awaiting their revenues to keep up their proper position in the province, here is a bill of exchange for one hundred thousand livres, accepted by Monsieur Durand, the banker of whom we just now spoke."

"I cannot accept so many benefits without knowing the benefactor!" cried Adolphe, when he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Young man," replied the mountaineer, taking his hand, "have you then no relative who might wish to restore the honor of your house in retrieving your faults?"

"None!" replied Adolphe, pensively; "none!"

"Are you sure of that?" said the mountaineer, with melancholy.

"Are you sure that you know all who still bear your name?"

"I am sure of it," replied Adolphe, regarding him earnestly; "I have no relative unless—"

"Chevalier, you have one," cried the mountaineer, with emotion; "you have one, although in the modest condition in which he now lives he does not bear his real name and title, and that relative is Michael Raymond, Baron de Peyras. I am of the elder branch; I am the chief of the family."

A silence of some moments followed this last revelation. Renaud alone did not appear struck with a circumstance with which he was doubtless previously acquainted.

"The chief of the family!" repeated Adolphe, scarcely knowing what he said. "Is it possible, monsieur, that you are Baron Bernard, my late father's elder brother, who suddenly disappeared, and was never again heard of by his family?"

"Reflect, giddy pate!" replied the personage to whom we shall continue to give the name of Michael Raymond. "If the Baron de Peyras you speak of were still alive, he would be ninety-two years of age, for he was six years older than your father; and although I am no chicken myself, I don't think I look such a tough old bird as your words would imply. No, no; my good father, Baron Bernard, died years ago in these mountains, and yonder portrait is all that remains to me of him." The chevalier inclined before the portrait of his father's brother. This movement did not escape Michael Raymond, and he said, with emotion, "Well, well, your respect for Bernard de Peyras effaces from my mind the unfavorable impression which your recent follies had left there. After all, I am inclined to think that your heart is in the right place. Yes, yes, salute that portrait, my young friend, for he whom it represents was a man of a noble and generous character."

"His conduct could not be more noble and generous than that of his son!" cried Adolphe, warmly.

(To be continued.)

RAILROADS IN OHIO.—In Ohio they have over 2,800 miles of finished railroad, the cost of which has been about \$200,000,000. They employ constantly about 20,000 men, 600 locomotives, 5,000 cars, and consume over \$50,000 cords of firewood annually.

PAPER MONEY IN THIS AND OTHER COUNTRIES.—In comparing the paper money of this country with that of Great Britain, we find a total in the United States of \$186,000,000 bank notes, resting on a basis of \$139,000,000 (of which \$58,300,000 is in specie, \$69,000,000 in public stocks, and \$22,000,000 in gold in the Sub-Treasury). In Great Britain there are \$184,000,000 of bank notes, resting on a basis of \$144,000,000 (of which \$72,000,000 is in specie, and \$72,000,000 in public stocks).

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

A VICIOUS SHEEP.—There was a fellow of a certain neighborhood in Arkansas who was strongly suspected of sheep stealing. There were weekly many cases of the mysterious disappearance of choice mutton from the flocks of the planters, which were traced to his door; but being a wild and ingenious chap, he generally succeeded in proving an alibi, or some defence, which reduced the charge to a mere suspicion. At last, however, a planter riding through the woods, perceived the suspected sheep-thief stealing from the flock of sheep and deliberately knocked over the largest and fattest. At this moment the planter rode up, and confronting the thief, said: "Now, sir, I have got you; you can't get off; you are caught in the act!" "What act?" indignantly demanded the thief. "Sheep-stealing!" was the confident reply. "Sir, you had better mind how you charge a respectable American citizen with such a crime as sheep-stealing!" replied the gentleman with the penchant for mutton. "Now, will you deny that I saw you kill that sheep?" asked the planter. "No, sir," was the prompt answer; "I did kill him, and I'd do it again. I'll kill anybody's sheep that bites me as I am going peacefully along the road!"

"Times are improving and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, those who used to ride down in their carriages, now walk."

CONSIDERATE.—A hatter in one of the large cities presented a clergyman with a hat of the finest quality. "What is the value of this hat?" he asked. "Ten dollars." "That is a high price." "It is a present, and I never make a poor one." "Won't you make an exchange?" "I might." "Well, I would not care to make one, if you agree." "What do you propose?" "Well, this is too good and high-priced a hat for me, and I propose that you take it back and give me a five dollar hat and five dollars in cash." This rather staggered the hatter, but he agreed.

RAIN.

My love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain,
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lee
Of the wide high-spread chestnut-tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath rainbow light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright."
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well."
Oh rain! oh rain!
Oh blessed rain!
No sunshine ever shall come again
So dear to me as that stormy rain!

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Old father Hodge was a queer dick, and in his own way made everything a subject of rejoicing. His son Ben came to him one day and said, "Father, that old black sheep has got two lambs." "Good," says the old man, "that's the most profitable sheep on the farm." "But one of 'em's dead," returned Ben. "I'm glad on't," says the father, "it will be better for the old sheep." "But the t'other's dead too," says Ben. "So much the better," rejoins Hodge, "she'll make a grand piece of mutton in the fall."

"Yes, but the old sheep's dead too," exclaimed Ben. "Dead! dead! what, the old sheep dead?" cries old Hodge, "that's good, darn her, she was always an ugly old scamp."

SENATORIAL ROW.—Some hard yarns are occasionally let off concerning the peculiarities of the "mighty few" who represent the "constituents" in Congress. Here is an example: Smith, a native of "Bucks," was a sharp lad, and he grew up to be a man and a colonel, and, like Saul of old, was chosen to lead the people. He became a State Senator and an able debater. His figure was so tall and commanding, his voice so strong, loud and clear; his manner so plain and unassuming; his coolness and known courage such—that he was both respected and dreaded as an opponent. While he was in the Senate a warmly contested question came up for debate, Ratcliff Boon, Lieutenant Governor, in the chair. The colonel was the leader of one side of the question, and a Senator, about four feet ten, limbs in proportion, with a voice like a "katydid," led the other side. The chamber was crowded. The colonel rose, with his eye upon the chair, and was speaking at the top of his voice. "That's a lie!" squealed out the little opposition Senator. "As I was saying, Mr. President—" "That's a lie!" "As I was saying—" "That's a lie!" in the same squeaking voice. "As I was saying—" The little Senator could stand it no longer. He sprang over the railing, ran round to where the colonel was standing, and struck him with all his might on the back. "As I was saying, Mr. President." Again he was interrupted by the blows being repeated several times, yet the colonel, without taking the least notice of it, continued to address the Senate until he closed his speech, then turning his eye upon his opponent—"What are you doing?" "What am I doing? I'm fighting." "Who are you fighting?" "I'm fighting you!" "Me! I had no knowledge of it whatever." The Sergeant-at-arms stepped up and carried the little Senator away in a state of exhaustion. A glass of wine and the friendly hand of the colonel soon put all things to right, and the debate proceeded.

THE TRUEST COURAGE is always mixed with circumspection; this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardness of the rash and foolish.

NEW MUSEUM.—A new museum is about being started. The highest price is offered for all real curiosities—not sham ones—to stock it with. Cash paid for the following, or orders on the Wild Spec Bank, which is just as good, viz: Nails from the claws of a hammer. A bird's eye view from the top of the morning. A receipt of the dew of eve. A leg of a toadstool. A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword. A map of the State of Matrimony. Knots from the Beard of Foreign Missions. A bill drawn on the banks of the Shannon. And the mummy of the honest man that Diogenes went in search of.

THE TUMBLERS.—"Tis strange, muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

I MAY NOT LOVE THEE.

I may not love thee—but within my heart,
When night and darkness set my spirit free,
And I sit musing from the world apart,
There is a low, deep voice that tells of thee.
That voice is sweet and mournful as the tone
Of far Arabian music heard in sleep,
Or the wild cadence of a spirit lone
O'er the hushed waters of the midnight deep.

I may not love thee—but thy blessed look
For ever haunts my soul when thou art far—
It glances upward from each moonlit brook,
And downward from each bright and holy star.
'Tis imaged in each flower that lifts its eye
At morn to greet the sunshine and the dew,
And in each fairy cloud that wanders by,
Floating in beauty o'er the mountain blue.

I may not love thee—but thy gentle words
Can stir within my soul its fount of tears,
And wake the echo of my heart's deep chords,
Like some sweet melody of early years.

I may not love thee—but thy image seems
A loving radiance to my spirit given,
For oh! I picture thee in all my dreams
Of bliss on earth and blessedness in Heaven!

A PEASANT went to a priest to confess having stolen hay from a large stack belonging to a neighbor. "How many loads did you take?" asked the father confessor. "You may as well reckon the whole stack at once," said the peasant, "as I and my wife intend to fetch it all before we stop."

IN THE MIDDLE AGES, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom was adopted at the present day there would be some howling.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE WORD PERSEVERANCE?" said one negro to another, while conversing about a sermon they had just heard. "It means take hold fast and never let go."

CHILDREN ARE INQUISITIVE BODIES—for instance: "What does cleave mean, father?"

"It means to unite together."
"Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?"
"Hem, well, it means to separate."
"Well, father, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?"
"Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child!"

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Our cordial *greetings* to them, that we are once more at our post, and eager to do justice to any communication which they may see fit to send us. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that we were beaten at the Chess Congress by the old game; it will be known soon enough. Attached to a Bank, we naturally felt the panic, or the panic felt us, thereby impairing our mental vision. Without detracting from the meritorious play of our antagonist, we have no hesitation to say that our thoughts, when playing, were more in *subitus* than in *luminis oras*. Jacob Faithful says, "Better luck next time."

J. A. P., Salem.—We take pleasure in inserting your very neat contribution this week. We give up discovering any flaw in it. "Do so some more."

AMATEUR, Washington City, D. C.—The last rule suggested in your note is highly commendable, and should be followed by all Chess Clubs. Had we received your note prior to the adjournment of the National Chess Congress, we should have presented it with pleasure to the Committee on the Chess code to take some action upon. The next meeting of the "National American Chess Association," now termed, will be held in Philadelphia two years hence. Can you take the trouble to correspond with Prof. Geo. Allen, of Philadelphia? We are happy to publish the rule suggested for the benefit of our Chess players. We hope for its future adoption.

"When two players prefer the same pieces, the one who loses the move should have the choice of pieces, and the pieces should alternate thereafter, during the contest, as the move alternates. The effect of a rule like this would be to equalize the players, and to teach them to play equally well with either color."

Amén! to the above.—CHESS ED.]

J. D., Portland.—Welcome back again! old friend. Glad to renew the acquaintance. Your solution of "Le preux Chevalier" correct. Remember that the skirmish alluded to was one of fifteen minutes' duration. The two problems sent are faulty. No. 1 is solvable in three, and No. 2 in four moves. In the former, examine Kt to K R 4 for White's second move; and in the latter you overlook that Black can give check on capturing R. Even then mate is effected in four instead of five moves. White need not take the R checking on the second move—the solution being in nowise altered. Can those defects be healed up? Hope to hear from you soon.

SOLUTIONS OF OUR DIFFERENT PROBLEMS sent in by correspondents will be hereafter mentioned under a proper head, for the purpose of encouraging young players.

P. J. D., Hoboken.—Please accept our apology. We have not had time to examine communications until now. Your first contribution is solvable in six moves. The other is too easy to be diagrammed. What do you think of it for an enigma?

S. S. A.—We owe you also an apology. You are perfectly correct—No. 95 was solvable in three moves. Whatever communication we may receive will be henceforth duly attended to.

T. M. BROWN, Penn Yan.—Accept our late but sincere thanks for that neat problem in three moves. It contains very pretty variations. If flawless, it will appear in our next issue.

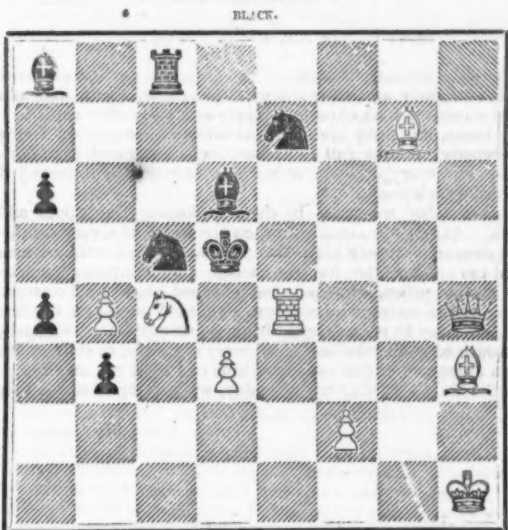
C. HEINEMAN, Butler, Pa.—The *Chess Monthly* is three dollars per annum. Address Messrs. Miller & Son, 13 Thames street, corner of Trinity Place.

INCognito, Boston.—There must be an error in your diagram. As it lies before us, White cannot possibly play B to K Kt 5 for his first move. Please forward another diagram of the same.

*The result of the contest of the National Chess Congress in our next.

The following correspondents will be answered at length in our next: W. W. K., St. Louis; Jacob Elson; R. C. Reid, Philadelphia; F. H. B., Chicago; Law Student, Yale; and T. B. C., of Troy.

PROBLEM C.—By J. A. P., of Salem, Mass. White to play and mate in three moves.



GAME C.—(FRENCH OPENING.)—In a match between Messrs. W. H. LORD and WINFIELD SMITH, both of Milwaukee, Wis. The latter gentleman won five to his opponent's three, and the match.

| BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. |
|----------------------|-----------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Mr. L. | Mr. S. | Mr. L. | Mr. S. |
| 1 P to K 4 | P to K 3 | 21 K Kt to Q 4 | K Kt to K Kt |
| 2 P to Q 4 | P to Q 4 | 22 Kt to K Kt | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3 P to K 5 (a) | P to Q B 4 | 23 Kt to Kt | Q R to Kt |
| 4 P to Q B 3 | Q Kt to B 3 | 24 B to K 2 (g) | K R to Q B |
| 5 K Kt to B 3 | P to Q R 4 (b) | 25 Q R to Q B 4 (h) | Q to B 2 |
| 6 P to Q 4 | P to Q Kt 3 (c) | 26 Q R to K Kt 4 (i) | Q Kt to K P |
| 7 K B to Q Kt 5 | Q to Q B 2 | 27 B to K R 6 | P to K Kt 3 |
| 8 Q B to K B 4 | Q B to K B 4 | 28 B to K B 4 | B to Q Kt 5 |
| 9 Q Kt to R 3 | K B to K 2 | 29 Q to Q 3 | Q to Q Kt 7 |
| 10 Q B to K Kt 3 (d) | K Kt to K R 3 | 30 Q to K R 3 | B to Q B 4 |
| 11 Castles | Castles | 31 B to K Kt 3 | B to Q 6 |
| 12 Q B to K B 4 (e) | K Kt to K B 4 | 32 Q to K Kt 3 (f) | B to K Kt 2 |
| 13 Q to Q 2 | P Kt to Q 2 | 33 P to K R 3 | Q Kt to K P |
| 14 B Kt to Q B (f) | P Kt to Q B P | 34 Q R to K | Q R to Q B 3 |
| 15 Q Kt to Q B P | Q R to B 3 | 35 R Kt to R | R Kt to R (ch) |
| 16 Q Kt to Q Kt 5 | Q to Q 2 | 36 K to R 2 | R to Q B |
| 17 Q R to Q B | B to Q B 4 | 37 B to K B 4 | P to Q 5 |
| 18 K R to Q | Q Kt to Q Kt 5 | 38 B to K R 6 | P to Q 6 |
| 19 Q to Q 2 | Q R to Q 3 | 39 R Kt to B | K Kt to B |
| 20 P to Q Kt 3 | Q R to Q B | 40 Q to K Kt 3 | Q to Q B 6 |
| | | | Resigns. |

- NOTES TO GAME C.
- (a) The usual play, P Kt 3, is certainly better.
 - (b) Q to Q Kt 3 is acknowledged to be the strongest play at this point; even P Kt 3 or Kt to K R 3 would have been far preferable, both tending towards developing Black's game.
 - (c) Time; blocking the square that the Q should occupy in these *débats*.
 - (d) Losing time; why not Castle instead? That B was posted well enough, for it retarded his adversary's Castling; Black was aware of the doubling of his P's, should he venture to come out with Kt to K R 3.
 - (e) Too late now.
 - (f) Where is the compensation for the loss of a valuable Pawn?
 - (g) Q R to B 3 with the view of planting it on K Kt 3 would have been our unobscuring move—with the better game.
 - (h) Not forcing the reply, which costs another P and the game.
 - (i) White in this game seems to be always five minutes behind time.
 - (j) It must be evident to the student that White cannot capture B without losing the exchange or incurring the penalty of a mate.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXIV.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1 R to K B 6 (ch) | K to K 4 |
| 2 Q to K 7 (ch) | Kt to Kt |
| 3 Kt to K Kt 6 (ch) | Kt to Kt |
| 4 B to K B 4 (ch) | Kt to B |
| 5 Kt to Q 3 (ch) | Kt to Kt |
| 6 R to Q B 5 (ch) | Kt to K checkmating. |

TWO INCHES OF THE BOTTOM.—A man fell into a pit as he was wandering in the dark. He managed to catch fast by the top of the pit; but his agony was so great, as he held on all night, expecting to fall and be dashed to pieces, that his hair turned white with fright. In the morning he found that his feet came within two inches of the bottom!

A VISIT TO MANILLA.

(Trip from Paris to China.)

Our stay in Manilla has been diversified by several earthquakes already. To unaccustomed Americans these are rather appalling visitants, but when we beheld the perfect coolness and apathy with which the inhabitants received these "shocks," we were reassured. The houses here are built in such a manner that they cannot possibly fall, and the Mestizo stands at the door of his hut and contemplates the convulsions of mother earth with undisturbed calmness.

The Indians of Manilla are the greatest natural philosophers in the world. They have no cares—they never think beyond the day; they neither love nor hate, and jealousy is unknown. If you vouchsafe kind treatment to them they take it, and don't care; if you abuse them, they are supremely indifferent. As to saving money, or laying by anything for a rainy day, that idea never enters their head; they are always in debt, always happy, and always absorbed in the chances of cock-fighting. Last year the violence of the hurricane prostrated a number of huts; and, provided it was possible to live in them without going through the process of rebuilding, they have done so, rather than take the trouble of making any repairs. You may see whole families dwelling under a roof which has fallen completely to the ground.

In all respects but one the busy, diligent Chinamen seem the very reverse of these indolent, dreamy Manilla natives, and in that one they are precisely similar—their apparent apathy to death. An Indian will go to be garrotted with a *sangfroid* that seems almost incredible—a Chinaman marches to the place of death, to have his head taken off, as coolly as if he was going to have his hair cut.

Executions are not unfrequent at Manilla. Many of the sufferers are soldiers who, after committing some misdemeanor or unpardonable offence against discipline, have fled into the thickets and wilds, and there organized a troop from among the numerous bad characters in the neighborhood of their hiding place.

One morning, a day or two ago, when riding on the sea-beach near the usual place of execution, I witnessed the death of six deserters, who had formed part of a band of atrocious brigands. They were despatched by the muskets of their former comrades, those who were not killed at once having an end put to their existence by the pistols of an officer, who stepped close up to them before discharging the weapon.

It must have been truly a sad thing for them to receive their degrading death at the hands of their former companions, who had so often sat around the glowing camp-fire, and shared their convivial evenings with them. A great number of women had collected around to witness the last act of this tragedy; they were a much larger assemblage than the men, but they were most of them worthless and degraded characters belonging to the lowest class of Manilla females.

The public malefactor frequently suffers death by garrotting. The culprit is seated at the place of execution, with his back against a high wooden post, his neck is then encircled by an iron collar attached to the post, and works by means of a powerful screw which passes through the post. The signal is made, the executioner gives this gigantic screw a single turn, and the victim is choked to death in less than a second. No struggles are visible save a few convulsive motions of departing life, as the body is heavily ironed.

We have just returned from a pleasant little shooting excursion into the interior, and beyond the islands, where we revolved among wild deer and birds. One place near Los Banos was particularly recommended to us for the excellence of its shooting. So we embarked in two lovely little *bancoas*, and after a brief sail on a fine expanse of water, reached our destination. And a beautiful spot it was—one of those fair bits of vegetation which we read about in the old fairy tales of our youth. It was a perfect thicket of rich foliage and tropical flowers. Tea was growing wild in great quantities, and rare plants and splendid trees were ranged in every direction, blazing with fire-flies, for it was bright moonlight when we reached the shore. Our horses were ready for us, equipped in a singular manner, with enormous, uncouth saddles and rope-reins, and soon conveyed us to comfortable quarters for the night.

The next day we set out early to proceed on our journey, under the pilotage of our Indian guides, who sucked sugar-canes all the way with unflagging zeal. We must have made rather a curious-looking party, with our sleeping mats rolled up and deposited in front of us on our saddles, wooden stirrups, and shaggy ponies! We rode along in great glee and good-fellowship until we arrived opposite Majahay. But what a road awaited us here!

We found ourselves in a deep gorge, with a fierce mountain torrent rushing along the side of the road. The descent was exceedingly steep, and covered with huge ragged stones of all shapes and sizes. Such roads, if they had been covered with bits of rock and sharp stones to prevent the advance of a hostile army, could not have opposed more perplexities and difficulties to the traveller. In these almost perpendicular declivities it was almost impossible to walk on foot, and how the poor beasts ever got down was a matter of real curiosity. And yet we met Indian women riding up and down with the greatest ease and self-possession. They stared at us with much curiosity as we passed by, under the shadow of their native hats; and we, in our turn, regarded them with no less wonder, as they trotted past our ranks, sitting on what we Americans should term the wrong side of the saddle, and carrying the unfailing cigar, or bit of sugar-cane, between their ruddy lips.

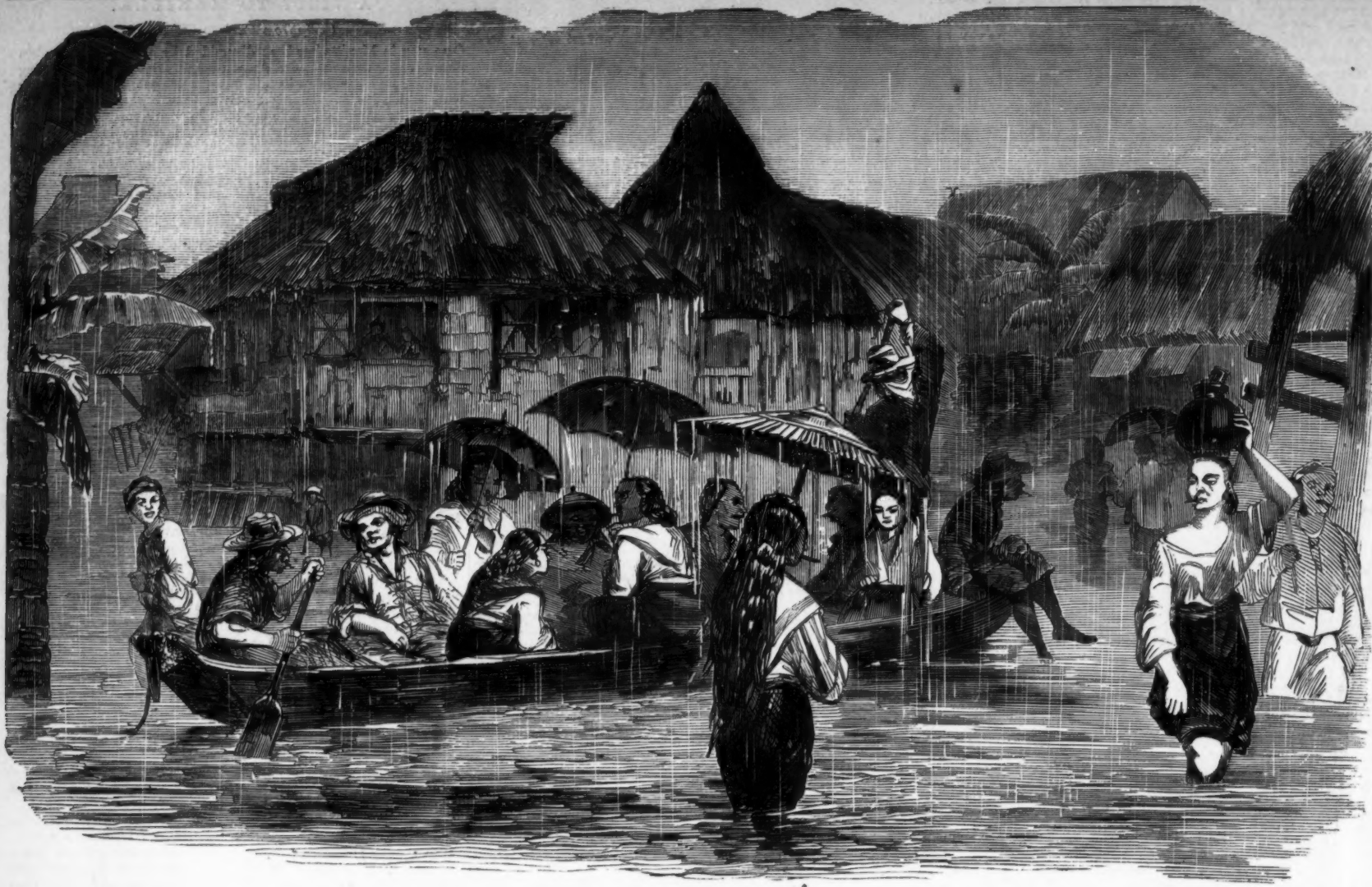
I have sketched this "Macadamized road," as our comrades coarsely christened the Manilla highway, from memory, as the curious circumstances of our descent and the sublimity of the surrounding scenery made a strong impression on my mind. The above sketch may serve to give a pretty correct idea of our party stumbling over the immense stones, and of one of the pretty Indian damsels whom we met, regarding us somewhat quizzically from beneath her coquettish little hat.

At the foot of the gorge we crossed the torrent, and here I came very near taking a bath which would have proved more sudden than agreeable, as my horse slipped and had nearly fallen. However I contrived to keep my seat, and after another steep and perilous ascent, we reached a quiet little interior village. We were very weary and very hungry, and having no "acquaintance in town," went at once to the padre's house. A welcome we were sure of getting anywhere in this hospitable country, but as the padre generally has the best accommodation we went to his quarters without parleying elsewhere.

On ascending the stairs of the "Convento," the first thing which saluted our hungry eyes was a table neatly arranged for the priest's dinner, as it was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the servants of the holy man informed our attendants, with obsequious bows and grins, that the good father would be back to dine in about an hour, when he would doubtless be charmed to have our company to his meal!

An hour! It seemed almost an age to our ravenous inner men. Nothing can promote such an appetite as a jolting ride over execrable Manilla roads. We waited what seemed to us a century—on after consideration, I conclude it may possibly have been ten minutes. Then, losing all patience, we recklessly ordered up the dinner, and immediately fell to on the savory viands with an energy worthy of a better cause.

Once or twice during the meal we looked at each other dubiously, querying, "What will the padre say when he comes



STREET IN MANILLA, UNDER A JULY RAIN

home and finds his dinner gone?" But this question did not serve to disturb our appetites seriously.

Just as we were making away with the last remains of a dish of delicious wild birds, which formed the main attraction of the dinner, a heavy tread came toiling up the stairs, and in a moment the fat old padre stood puffing and blowing before us!

It was a picture for Hogarth—the empty dishes, the array of unexpected guests, and the portly father with his look of mingled indignation and astonishment. We gazed at each other for a moment in silence—the padre was too much astonished to speak, and we were embarrassed to find ourselves in such a singular situation. At length the full absurdity of this ludicrous affair struck us both in its full light, and the whole party burst into an uproarious peal of merry laughter, in which the padre's voice was loudest of all.

He came forward, extended a cordial and hearty welcome to us, ordered up a new supply of eatables and drinkables, and we

spent a jolly evening together. The reverend gentleman made himself extremely agreeable and entertaining, as we smoked and regaled ourselves with chocolate, cigars and cakes after sunset.

The house, like most Manila establishments, seemed to belong to everybody; it was full of Indians, who came and went continually, and everybody was welcome. Such perfect fraternity I never before witnessed.

The next day we spent in shooting, among the woods and jungles. Among the cocoa palms, on the banks of a very considerable stream, we nearly hit a sturdy old alligator, but the veteran proved too old a soldier for our tactics. On returning home at night the old priest, who had just changed his clerical costume for that of the universal shirt, was delighted to see us, but had much difficulty in repressing the intense curiosity of the villagers, who swarmed round the house in every direction, to stare at our foreign attire and criticise our fair skins and light moustaches.

As the following day was Sunday, we accompanied the holy

man to mass, and a very picturesque sight it was. One side of the church was filled with girls and women, dressed in the most vivid and magnificent silks, and covered by the veils which they always wear at devotions, while on the opposite side were arranged the men in their white shirts. They seemed sincere and perfectly earnest in their religious ceremonies, and the good old padre officiated with a zeal and unction delightful to behold.

We were a little surprised, however, when after the mass was over, the padre immediately made for the cockpit, where he proposed to spend the rest of the day. There the old man sat, the centre of an admiring group of satellites, watching the gyrations of the birds, and bawling out remarks and jocose sayings at the very top of his consecrated voice! He was very eager that we, too, should join the engrossing sport, but we declined, and strolled away through the woods, preferring our own thoughts to the noisy clamor of the Indians.

We did not remain long in this pleasant little village, but de-



A MACADAMISED ROAD IN MANILLA.

parted soon after, to the hearty sorrow of the priest, who seemed to have taken quite a fancy to his foreign guests. He was a good old man, and we came to the conclusion that the church had many worse sons than he, if he did patronize the cockpit and keep a favorite fighting bird of his own.

Manilla was quite a noisy and uproarious place compared with the quiet villages and palm-clad hills of the interior, and we received a warm welcome from the numerous acquaintances we had already formed. So familiar and homelike did the island already begin to appear, that we really began to dread the time appointed for returning to Hong Kong. There is not a great deal of pretension and display among the inhabitants here, but a hearty, social feeling prevails everywhere, and many a pompous ball or soiree in the large American cities has possessed less real enjoyment for the guests than a little gathering of friends around a table covered with chocolate, cakes and betel-nuts, in the calm suburbs of Manilla.

But it rains here sometimes, and with a will too. Not the cold, blowy, dreary rains you have at home, but the wind is hushed, and the windows of Heaven are opened and down it comes in straight big streams that soon swell to floods and overflow everything. Then the streets are filled with water, and the July rainy season is upon us. The native Indians enjoy it highly, sporting in the water, and splashing grave John Chinamen whenever they can get a chance. The Spaniards go about their business in canoes, which are paddled through the streets, but all others wade through the flood gravely, as though it were the usual condition of the climate. I must confess we too enjoyed it, and took a special delight in calling, without shoes or stockings, on our English neighbors who lived opposite. Our own house was a miniature sea, with three feet of water in the shallows. Wasn't it capital? Nobody ever takes cold in this weather.

THRILLING INCIDENTS FOUNDED ON FACT.

NO. I. APPARITION OF THE MURDERED BOY.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they had hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent. During their residence in this abode, the lady received from her husband, Sir John Pennyman, a draft for a considerable sum, which she carried to the banker of the town, and requested to have cashed. The man, as is much the custom on the continent, gave her a large portion of silver in exchange. As Lady Pennyman was proceeding to pay some visits, she requested that the banker would send the money to her house, of which she described the situation. The parcel was instantly committed to the care of a porter; and, on the lady's inquiring of him whether he understood, from her directions, the place to which his charge was to be conveyed, the man replied that he was perfectly aware of the place designated, that it was called the "Haunted House." The latter part of this answer was addressed to the banker in a low tone of voice, but was overheard by Lady Pennyman; she paid, however, no attention to the words, and naturally supposed that the report connected with her habitation was one of those which are raised by the ignorant respecting every dwelling which is long untenanted, or remarkable for its antiquity.

A few weeks afterwards, the words were recalled to her recollection in a manner that surprised her: the housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention anything that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants, who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning, and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified. "I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennyman, "that you have too much good sense to be alarmed on your own account by any of these superstitious and visionary fears; and pray exert yourself in endeavoring to tranquillize the apprehensions of others, and persuading them to continue in their places." The persuasion of Carter was ineffectual; the servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operation of any earthly beings, and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.

The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose report had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm, Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time, and establishing herself in the one which had been lately occupied by the domestics.

The room above was a long spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a length of time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage; it was an extraordinary piece of furniture to be found in any mansion, but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary. It was said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been con-



APPARITION OF THE MURDERED BOY.

fined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian, and there hastened to a premature death by the privations and cruelties to which he was exposed; those cruelties had been practised under the pretence of necessary correction. It was alleged he was idle, stubborn, inattentive, and of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve. In his boyhood, frequent chastisements, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of relaxation were in vain essayed to urge and goad him to the grave, and to place his uncle in possession of the inheritance; his constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relation, and, wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted with an admirable vitality the efforts which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities; every, even the slightest offence was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions. The iron cage was threatened, was ordered, was erected in the upper chamber. At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only; it was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in the narrow circle, without the possibility of rest or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened and remitted, from an affected show of mercy, and the better to cover and to palliate the premeditated enormities. The youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread of this terrible infliction, applied himself with sleepless diligence to labors difficult to be accomplished, and extended, purposely extended, beyond the capacity of the student; his lessons were exacted, not in proportion to his abilities, but his endeavors and performance.

The taskmaster eventually conquered; then followed the imprisonment and the day without food. Again the imposition was set; again executed with painful exertion; again lengthened; again discovered to be impracticable, and again visited with the iron cage and the denial of necessary subsistence. The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy, under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was at last successful. The lad was declared to be incorrigible; there was a feigned necessity of more severe correction; he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation. So long an absence from food and rest was more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirits could endure; and on his uncle's arriving, with the show of a hypocritical leniency, an hour previous to the appointed time, to de-

liver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy, and had for ever emancipated the innocent sufferer from the hands of the oppressor.

The wealth was won; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him who had so dearly purchased it. "What profit is it," demands the voice of Revelation, "if a man should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" His conscience haunted him; the form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes towards him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and to delight him; and then the vision of his sleep would change, and he would see his calm suffering and his silent tears, and his patient endurance and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of difficult exactions, and his pale cheek, and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance; and then, at last, there was the rigid, bony and distorted form, the glazed open eye, the mouth violently compressed, and the clenched hands, on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative. These recollections banished him from his home; the mansion was left tenantless; and, till Lady Pennyman had ignorantly engaged it, all had dreaded to become the inmates of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquillity of his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her new apartment, she met with no interruption; nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the cage chamber (for so it was commonly called in the family), which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants. This quiet, however, was of very short duration. One night she awakened from her sleep by the sound of a slow and measured step that appeared to be pacing the chamber overhead. It continued to move backwards and forwards with nearly the same constant and regular motion for rather more than an hour—perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was. It at length ceased; morning dawned upon her. The lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night. It was in every point of view alarming. If she doubted its being the effect of any preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing—to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after framing a resolution not to mention the event.

Lady Pennyman and her daughters had nearly completed their breakfast before her son, a young man who had lately returned from sea, descended from his apartment. "My dear Charles," said his mother, "I wonder you are not ashamed of your indolence and your want of gallantry, to suffer your sisters and myself to finish breakfast before you are ready to join us." "Indeed, madam," he replied, "it is not my fault if I am late; I have not had any sleep all night. There have been people knocking at my door and peeping into my room every half hour since I went up stairs to bed; I presume they wanted to see if my candle was extinguished. If this be the case, it is really very distressing, as I certainly never gave you any occasion to suspect I should be careless in taking so necessary a precaution, and it is not pleasant to be represented in such a light to the domestics." "Indeed, my dear, the interruption has taken place entirely without my knowledge. I assure you it is not by any order of mine that your room has been looked into; I cannot think what could induce any servant of mine to be guilty of such a liberty. Are you certain that you have not mistaken the nature and origin of the sound?" "Oh, yes—there could have been no mistake; I was perfectly awake when the interruption first took place, and afterwards it was so frequently repeated as to prevent the possibility of my sleeping."

More complaints from the housekeeper; no servants would remain; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began herself to be alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a very dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her; she communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage, understanding and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the cage room, and to allay their terrors by adopting that apartment for her own bed-chamber during the remainder of her residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose; she declared that no half measure could be equally effectual; that, if any of the family were to sleep there, though



MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

JOHN BULL LOQUITUR—"WELL, FRIEND RUMBA, YOU AND I MUST FOLLOW NEW YORK, AND GO BY THE BOARD."

their rest should be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquillizing the agitation of the family, since the servants would naturally accuse either Lady Pennyman or her son of being interested witnesses, and doubt of the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions, without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The cage room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice, and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest, attended by her favorite spaniel, saying, as she bade them all good night, "I and my dog, I flatter myself, are equal to compete with a myriad of ghosts, so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Rose and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction; she sounded every panel of the wainscot, to prove that there was no hollowness which might argue a concealed passage, and having bolted the door of the cage room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visitor, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual beings. Her assurance was doomed to be short-lived; she had only been a few minutes asleep when her dog, which lay by the bedside, leaped, howling and terrified, upon the bed; the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin and sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly towards her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence; after a while he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered.

Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution; she was re-assured in her original belief in the impossibility of all spiritual visitations; she persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skilful impostor, and she determined on following its footsteps; she took up her chamber lamp and hastened to put her design in execution. On reaching the door, to her infinite surprise she discovered it to be fastened, as she had herself left it on retiring to bed. On withdrawing the bolt and opening the door, she saw the back of the youth descending the staircase; she followed, till, on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form seemed to sink into the earth. It was in vain to attempt concealing the occurrences of the night; her voice, her manner, the impossibility of sleeping a second time in the illuminated chamber, would necessarily betray that something of a painful and mysterious nature had occurred.

The event was related to Lady Pennyman; she determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. The man of whom the house had been engaged was spoken to on the subject. He became extremely violent—said it was no time for the English to indulge their imaginations—insinuated something of the guillotine—and bade her, at her peril, drop a single expression to the injury of his property. While she remained in France, no word was uttered upon the subject; she framed an excuse for her abrupt departure. Another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, which she engaged, on the pretext of its being better calculated to the size of her family, and at once relinquished her habitation, and with it every preternatural occasion of anxiety.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE intelligence from Europe by the latest advices is of a more cheering character, both in a financial and a political point of view. The current of gold was beginning to move towards this coast. The Persia brought over one million two hundred thousand dollars in specie, and large shipments of gold, it was reported, would be forwarded by succeeding vessels.

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE CRISIS.

This has been another favorable day, and if the news from America by the Ariel, which is still delayed, should not prove very discouraging, there will be ground to hope that an increase of pressure may be avoided. There has been no announcement of any further failures of magnitude either in London or the provinces. Shipments of bar gold to the Continent are still suspended, and several orders for the dispatch of silver to India have been countermanded. The pressure for discount at the Bank continues heavy, but it has greatly moderated in comparison with the early days of the week, and the large repayments of advances falling due have been well met. About 100,000 sovereigns are said to have been withdrawn for transmission to New York by the Persia on Saturday; but the total to be despatched will depend on any intelligence that may be received to-morrow.

MONEY PANIC IN EUROPE.

The Bank of Holland had advanced its rate of discount from 5½ to the unprecedented rate of 9 per cent. The Bank of Antwerp had advanced its rates one per cent., viz., from 3½ to 4½.

The Times's Vienna correspondent describes the panic on the Vienna Exchange on the 15th as frightful. The National Loan, bearing 5 per cent. interest, payable in silver, fell to 90½.

AFFAIRS IN INDIA.

From Delhi we receive cheering intelligence. The insurgents had commenced fighting among themselves, and the King had transmitted a secret message to Mr. Colvin, offering to give in provided he was placed in the position he occupied before the revolt. It is to be hoped that this offer will be rejected with scorn. Our army occupied an unassailable position before Delhi, and had been largely reinforced by the movable column, consisting of Her Majesty's 52d and a wing of the 61st, with some Sikh corps, under Brigadier-General Nicholson, a young soldier, but one marked out for distinction. Shortly after his arrival in camp, the Neemuch and Barielly mutineers made a strong effort to attack our forces in rear. General Nicholson was sent out against them with his division, and completely defeated them, capturing twelve pieces. It is believed that the final assault on the imperial city will not be much longer delayed. Sir Colin Campbell, it is rumored, has sent up orders to make short work of it, and General Wilson is not the man to retard the execution of such an order a single hour.

CAREER OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

General Havelock, who had recrossed the Ganges after his unsuccessful attempts to relieve Lucknow, rested for a few days at Cawnpore, his troops having been much crippled by sickness. On the 16th of August the force marched towards Bitoor, where a large body of the enemy, about 4,000 in number with two guns, was posted. Havelock's force mustered 1,200 men with about fourteen guns. The right wing was towards the Ganges, and the left on a deep nullah crossed by a bridge. After an obstinate engagement, in which the enemy lost 250 killed and wounded, they were driven from their position, and fled in confusion, leaving their guns behind. In this contest the British troops lost about fourteen killed and thirty wounded, besides some of their baggage. After the action Havelock's force retired towards Cawnpore, where they arrived on the 20th August, after a harassing and fatiguing march, during which they suffered severe privations, which were patiently borne by the gallant soldiers. Cholera had made its appearance among the men, carrying off ten or twelve daily, but the ravages of this epidemic had since begun to abate.

ADVANCE OF REINFORCEMENTS FOR GENERAL HAVELOCK.

General Outram arrived at Allahabad on the 1st of September, with her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers, the 90th, and a company of artillery. With this force he hoped to reach Cawnpore on the 9th inst. The details of her Majesty's 64th, 78th, 84th, and 1st Madras Fusiliers would follow on the arrival of Captain Peel and his naval brigade at Allahabad. Sir James Outram had communicated his arrangements to General Havelock, who, in reply, stated his perfect confidence in his being able to effect the relief of Lucknow with these reinforcements. General Outram had, with characteristic generosity, announced to General Havelock that "that to him should be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which he had so nobly struggled," and that it was his intention to accompany the force in his civil capacity, only placing his military services at the disposal of General Havelock, if necessary. General Havelock was to make arrangements for the force to move forward from Cawnpore on the arrival of reinforcements. The rebels have assembled on the Oude side of the river, opposite to the British camp, in great numbers, and have thrown up a battery.

THE NOBLE GARRISON IN LUCKNOW.

The garrison at Lucknow, although reduced to great straits, is bravely holding out, and will no doubt do so until relieved by General Havelock. For some time the situation of the beleaguered garrison was believed to be desperate, and the worst fears were entertained regarding their fate, as no tidings had been received from them. Letters have since been received, stating that the garrison of Lucknow had communicated with General Havelock, and advised him not to run any risk in attempting to relieve them, as they had provisions enough for six months; that the attacks of the enemy were becoming fewer and fainter, from the want of ammunition it was supposed; and it was believed that the enemy were quarrelling among themselves. The latest intelligence received from Lucknow is, that 1,000 of the rebels had collected, and there, with the aid of the rebel force, made an assault on the devoted garrison. They were repulsed with great slaughter, 160 of the Glaziers being killed, and a great many of the wounded had since died. There is a want of proper food for the ladies and children, but the garrison get beef, and have plenty of grain. They have been ordered to hold out to extremity, and, with the aid of Cawnpore before their eyes, it is not likely they will entertain the idea of surrender.

with help so close at hand. A letter from Cawnpore, dated the 31st of August, says that "at present the garrison of Lucknow is all right and in good spirits."

FEARFUL MAGAZINE EXPLOSION—ONE THOUSAND LIVES LOST.

We have been favored, says the *Scandinavian* of Aug. 16th, with the following translation of a Persian letter, received from Joudpore, ancient the explosion of the magazine at that place. On the night of the 18th Aug., between the hours twelve and two, heavy rain fell, accompanied with heavy peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, imparting to everything around a ghastly spectacle terrifying to behold. A few minutes after the scene was repeated with tenfold violence, and the people were greatly intimidated. In the fort belonging to the rajah, which is situated on a hill constructed of stones of various dimensions and sizes, and containing a subterraneous passage, the magazine of the rajah had been kept. This was struck with lightning, and some thousands of mounds of powder were exploded.

The shock was so great that the walls of the fort and a temple and four ponderous gates were blown up in the air into a thousand pieces, destroying 500 houses and all the people living therein. Up to the time of writing, the remnants of the inhabitants were engaged in removing the dead bodies found under these ruins. It was gleaned from the Kotwal of the place, that upwards of 1,000 had already been taken out, and that others were also being removed. The domestic servants of the rajah, as well as some peons who were kept to guard the place, were all killed. Such a dreadful occurrence was never known in Joudpore before. The majority of the people were destroyed and otherwise injured. A stone weighing one mound was picked up at Sooranagar Talao, distant four miles from Joudpore, where the political agent resides. Another large stone fell as far as six miles, at a place called Chowpashany, where, falling on a house, it killed three people. The explosion was so severe, that for six miles around the people and houses sustained a shock.

A TERRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER IN LONDON.

At half-past eleven o'clock at night, a short time since, an elderly woman (or a man in disguise) passed through the turnstile on Waterloo Bridge, carrying a brown paper parcel and a large carpet-bag, the latter so heavy that the toll-taker had to lift it over the turnstile for her. This person came from the north side, and did not return. On Saturday week the carpet-bag, with a long cord attached, was found lying on one of the abutments of the bridge, and on being opened was found to contain almost a perfect skeleton and a number of garments—the bones roughly divided, and with the muscles and integuments adhering; and the clothes soiled, stained with blood, and cut longitudinally down the back. Being handed over to the police, the assistance of a surgeon was procured and an examination made. The portions missing are the head, hands, feet, three ribs, and a portion of the vertebrae. The flesh had been cut off, and the whole appeared to have been raised, with a view to prevent decomposition until the remains could be disposed of. There were marks of a stab between the third and fourth ribs, and the blood that had settled there proved that the wound had been inflicted during life. This stab corresponds with one of three or four which appear on the left side of the clothes, and the ribs that are missing would show the others. There are several other cuts in the clothes, some of which have not completely penetrated them, and appear to have been dealt at random, as if in the course of a mortal struggle. The clothes are of good quality, and are supposed to be of foreign make; the socks are undoubtedly of German manufacture. From the hair, on portions of skin attached to the arm-bones, the murdered man seems to have been dark, and the bones and clothes both indicate his height to have been about five feet eight inches. Four long and fine hairs, lighter than those of the murdered man, point to the presence of a female during the horrible process of cutting up the body. The clothes have not been identified, though thousands have been to see them, and it seems too probable that the mystery which surrounds the affair will never be pierced. The cord had been attached to the carpet-bag to lower it from the bridge, and thus avoid a splash in the river, the expectation being that it would drift away with the tide, and that thus all traces of the crime would be gone. The police have been actively engaged in endeavoring to find a clue to this mysterious crime, but hitherto without success, notwithstanding the offer of £200 reward and a pardon to any person not immediately concerned in the murder.

TRIUMPH OF PRIORESSES.

TUESDAY, October 13.—The Cesarewitch stakes, a free handicap of 24 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 200 added by the Jockey Club; certain penalties, the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. Cesarewitch Course (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards). 71 subs.

Mr. B. Ten Broeck's Prioresse, by Sovereign, 4 years, 6st. 9lb. (Tankeley) 1
Captain Smith's El Hakim, by the Cure, 3 years, 6st. 9lb. (Little) 2
Mr. Saxon's Queen Bess, by Alarm, 3 years, 4st. 10lb. (Grimshaw) 3
Mr. Simpson's Fright, 3 years, 6st. 12lb. (Plumb) 4

Thirty other horses contested for the prize. The flag was dropped to a beautiful start. Dusty Miller bore his colors to the front, with Queen Bess, Cervia, M. Dobler and the Plush colt following nearly in the order named; Old Trick, Fright, Emulator, Zigzag, Warlock, Prioresse and Poodle lying in the middle of the pack. These positions were unchanged until reaching the Ditch, when Cervia rushed to the front, Queen Bess being in close attendance upon her, with Old Trick third, Emulator, El Hakim, Prioresse, Fright, Zigzag, Warlock and the Plush colt forming the next lot. At the Bushes the pace began to tell, and Warlock, Plush colt and Poodle dropped back, and Cervia resigned the lead to Queen Bess. As they descended the hill, Old Trick, Emulator and Zigzag also disappeared from the front. On approaching the cords, Queen Bess, with El Hakim at her neck, still held a slight lead, with Prioresse running by herself on the far side third; Fright, Zigzag, Warlock and Emulator showing in front of the pack. One of the most exciting Cesarewitch finishes ever seen then ensued. Prioresse, half way up the cords, seemed to be about coming in alone, but the tiny jockeys of El Hakim and Queen Bess made a determined set to, and the Judge, unable to separate the first three, pronounced a dead heat with Prioresse, Queen Bess and El Hakim.

DECIDING HEAT.

Mr. B. Ten Broeck's Prioresse, by Sovereign (bred in America), 4 years, 6st. 9lb. (Fordham) 1
Captain Smith's El Hakim, 3 years, 6st. 9lb. (Bray) 2
Mr. Saxon's Queen Bess, 3 years, 4st. 10lb. (Grimshaw) 3

Betting—5 to 4 against El Hakim; 2 to 1 against Prioresse, and 3 to 1 against Queen Bess. The "heat" was run after the last race in a deepening twilight, which rendered it impossible to distinguish the colors of the riders at a distance. El Hakim was first off, but after going about fifty yards, Prioresse, overpowering Fordham, rushed to the front and carried on the running to the ditch gap, where she was pulled back, and lay about three lengths in the rear, Queen Bess going on with the lead, closely attended by El Hakim. On coming down the Bushes Hill, Prioresse lunged to the left, and a shout was raised of "The American's beaten!" but Fordham roused the mare with his whip, and before reaching the foot of the hill she bore her colors in advance, and, quitting her opponents half way up the cords, won cleverly by a length and a half; El Hakim brating Queen Bess by a head only for second place. A loud and prolonged cheer hailed the triumph of the American colors, and Mr. Ten Broeck was warmly congratulated upon the first victory achieved by him in England. An objection was made by the rider of Queen Bess against the rider of El Hakim on the ground of a cross.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Lisbon dates are to the 8th of October. The yellow (or typhus) fever had spread to other parts of the city, and the number of cases had increased to about 150 a day, and the deaths to 35. A financial crisis had manifested itself there. The populace were dissatisfied with the sanitary measures of the Government, and an outbreak was anticipated. Robberies had already commenced.

The King of Prussia continued in a critical position. The latest bulletin received is dated the 13th, and says: "During the course of to-day the King has been free from further attacks of congestion. On the whole, however, there is no marked change in the condition of his Majesty."

A report was current that the cholera had made its appearance in the village of Stratford, near London, and that within a few days seventeen cases had occurred, and seven deaths.

The statements in regard to the extensive nature of the fortifications which Russia is constructing at the entrance of the Sea of Azov are confirmed.

A letter from Vienna says that the recent conference which was held there between the Baron de Bismarck and Count Wernze, had for its object the Sardinian question, and the resumption of diplomatic relations between the Courts of Turin and Vienna may be shortly expected.

A letter in the *Presse*, of Vienna, says it is perfectly true that the Russian Government has set apart six million roubles for the reconstruction of Sebastopol, and that although the treaty of Paris forbids the building of fortifications, it is supposed it may be easily eluded.

The *London Gazette* contains a notice that the Bishopric of Toronto has been reconstructed, and a new see created, to be called the Bishopric of Huron, with Dr. Cronyn as the first Bishop.

Mr. Ten Broeck had won another race at Newmarket with his horse Belle, an English horse, bought in England. He was unanimously elected a member of the New Rooms, Newmarket.

The Samese Ambassadors and suite had arrived at Malta en route for England.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HORSE RACING IN PARIS.

NEVER within the memory of man had so much excitement been produced by a race in France. The triumph of Monarque on English ground had brought together an immense number of sporting men, of all countries, even from Hungary, anxious to behold either the re-establishment of French jockeyship to its old place as second on the list, or the double defeat of England in the double triumph of her rival. The day was beautiful, and the warty reputation of the season. The race-course was crowded, and, in spite of ourselves, we could not help feeling that indelible sentiment of antagonism which takes possession of the mind when the smallest doubt exists as to the reality of one's own pretensions, and the weak points of the rival. But one thing served to give us hope and comfort—the unconcerned expression of Lord H—'s face. He went whistling along the course with something like defiance in his eye, and evidently quite unmoved by the excited state of those around him. His offer of six to four against Monarque was taken here and there but sparingly, and with distrust. Monarque is led out at last, and all eyes are turned towards him. He is ridden by Ashmal, who won the Goodwood Cup, and occupies the attention of the crowd, to the exclusion of Mlle. de Chantilly ridden by Sprenty, of whose such great things had been anticipated, that, for

a moment, the fame of Monarque himself had been cast into the shade. The French applaud with frenzy as Monarque is led round. The English, forgetful of the laws of equilibrium in the state of silent excitement in which they find themselves, according to the custom of their country, mount upon the narrow wood-work of the barrier, and maintain themselves thereupon, no matter what their age or weight; but they utter no sound, and gaze wistfully at Fisherman, to whom the honor of old England is confided in this perilous hour.

The signal is given—away they all fly over the turf. The French utter a deafening shout. Mlle. de Chantilly shoots far ahead, Monarque follows her at a few paces; the English horses, seven in number, are in a cluster far behind. The British amateurs breathe not; they cling to their narrow balustrade like vultures to their perch; they utter no cry of disappointment, but remain silent still, for they know the result alone should bring despair; when, lo! just at the turning corner, without any reason to be explained by argument, without any apparent motive, Mlle. de Chantilly relaxes in her speed, Monarque falls behind, and the English horses, one and all, pass before them to the goal! The English amateurs were silent then no longer. *Ma foi!* their loud hurrah somewhat startled the dainty fine gentlemen who had been amusing themselves all the while in considering the silent phlegm of the cold *insulaires*. It made the old forest ring again, and will not be forgotten for many a day. Fisherman, who had been scarcely noticed before, now suddenly became the object of universal interest; and although some discontented losers by the result of the race choose to talk of the better jockeyship, of the more profound study of the ground—and some even throw out dark hints of foul play—yet the general opinion was decidedly in favor of the superior powers of Fisherman; and wonder was expressed that his merits should not have been observed before.

WOMAN'S WAR—FRENCH VS. RUSSIAN LADIES.

A kind of Court league has been formed against the pretensions of the Russian ladies, and some slight dissidences are to be apprehended among the upper ranks of society during the winter, as it is not likely that opinion will be directed in one way. The late meeting of the Emperors at Stuttgart has but served to inflame the unpleasant feeling already existing, and to divide the Russian interests more definitely from those of the Tuileries.

The sudden appearance of the Empress of Russia at Stuttgart when it had been formally announced that, in consequence of *suite de couches*, her Imperial Majesty would not be able to attend the conference—thus rendering the intended journey of the Empress Eugenie an impossibility—and then, not only appearing after all, but evidently by preconcerted arrangement having in attendance the Queen of Greece and the Princess Olga—both considered the greatest female diplomatists of Eastern Europe, and both pupils of the Grand Duchess Helena—is considered so pointed a measure that it can be no wonder if the Court of the Tuileries feels a little sore and mortified upon the subject.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE POLISH POET.

The Emperor Alexander, at his recent visit at Warsaw, has done an act of justice to the memory of one of Poland's greatest poets, which may truly be called an event for that country. All the works of Adam Mickiewicz, as is well known, were hitherto most strictly prohibited throughout Poland and Russia, so much so that even those volumes which had been printed before the Polish-Russian war with the sanction of the authorities, were not allowed to be reprinted, so that they had become, as it were, bibliographic curiosities. Regarding the latter works of Mickiewicz, the very possession of them was punished as a crime, and many persons had to languish for years in the dungeons of the Warsaw Citadel, many had to wander to Siberia, for no other reason than for having read the "Baudouin" or the "Dziady" (Walpurgis) of the exiled poet. The Emperor Alexander, who when a child received instruction in the Polish language from Mickiewicz, living at that time at St. Petersburg, has now, in a rescript addressed to the Director of Public Instruction in Polesia, M. de Muchanow, ordered the works of the poet to be free for print, and the copyright is to be the sole property of the poet's children up to their being of age.

NAPOLEON'S TRAVELLING HOUSE.

The railway branch from Chalons to the camp was opened lately, when the Emperor was presented with a suite of carriages, planned for his especial pleasure. It consists of five carriages, communicating by little bridges, and comprises ante room, larder, dining-room (the latter wainscoted with oak, with furniture of the same wood), a carriage arranged as a terrace, with choice flowers, and a balustrade of beautiful workmanship (this carriage is uncovered); then comes the drawing-room, fitted up in the style of Louis XV., with furniture of sculptured and gilt wood, and Aubusson carpets; two bedrooms complete the sumptuous suite of apartments. The carriages are decorated externally with carved and gilt bronzes. The whole getting up of this railway mansion is remarkably perfect, and well worthy of an imperial travelling residence. It cost nearly 300,000*fr.* The Emperor complimented the company on the excellent taste displayed.

MOSAIC ITEMS.

Mr. G. V. Brooke has narrowly escaped a watery grave. While amusing himself on a raft in the lake in Cremorne Gardens, Melbourne, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water, and had not a gardener run to his assistance, our bright dramatic star would probably have been finally extinguished.

Already we hear some gossip about the London opera season of 1858. Mr. Gye's new and splendid temple of the lyric drama will be ready in April, when the season will commence with a renewal of those grand performances which made the Royal Italian Opera the great lyric theatre of Europe.

Mr. Balfe is busily engaged upon a new opera for the Lyceum theatre—libretto by Mr. A. Harris.

The Lord Mayor has received a telegraphic communication from Prince Vologodsk, the Caimacan, or temporary Hospodar of Moldavia, of which the following is a translation: "I send you 500 ducats (about £25 sterling) in favor of the victims of the mutiny in India. This sum will be remitted to you by Messrs. Heine, Lemon & Co., of London. It is but a feeble testimony of my deep sympathy with the English people, and my interest in everything which affects your great nation."

The statue of Moore is now elevated on its pedestal, and the ceremony of inauguration is announced to take place at Charenton House.

Herr Anstutz, a celebrated Viennese actor, has just received the knighthood of Franz Joseph from the Emperor of Austria. This fact is worthy of remark, since it is the first time that an actor in Austria has had an order conferred upon him; a cross, or a medal of good service, having been previously the only marks of distinction bestowed.

Capellmeister Listz proposes, with the assistance of Herr Mlle, Flöger, Rossmann, and some others, to found a musical Conservatorium in Weimar.

The management of the Italian Opera at Paris announces, as the most extraordinary novelty of their season of 1857-58, the representation of a new opera by Rossini, entitled "Un Curioso Accidenti."

Miss Strickland is at present on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Seafeld, at Balmacan, in Glen Urquhar.

It is stated that Washington Irving has the materials for a life of Kit Carson, the celebrated Rocky Mountain Guide, and that they will probably be manufactured into a book in the course of the coming winter.

Sixteen of the school-books issued by the Committee on Education are pronounced by the *Buletin* to be "decidedly Polish," and a copious extract are given from the works in support of the assertion of the journal in question.

George Sand has commenced a new novel in the *Presse*. It is in a new style for the authoress—the historical; it is called "Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois Dore," and the scene is laid in the time of Louis XIII.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

DEAR SIR,—My attention was drawn to an article in your paper of August 22, under the head of "Scientific and Useful," wherein it states that a German chemist had a composition for making wood fireproof. I beg to state that two years ago I found a chemical composition for the same purpose, but being engaged in another business which took up a great portion of my time, after perfecting it I let it rest, intending to take it up at a more convenient season. My invention consists in first preparing the wood, and then covering it with a composition that will effectually prevent ignition, and also rendering it impervious to water.

F. WIDDOWS, 128 Thompson street.

TO PREVENT THE ADHESION OF ANIMAL MATTERS TO THE BOTTOMS OF IRON SHIPS.—The adhesion of barnacles, &c., to the bottoms of iron ships when afloat may be prevented by adding to, or mixing in the iron of which the ships are to be built a small proportion of arsenic—either when the iron is in a state of fusion, or at any other suitable or convenient stage in the manufacture of the metal, such as in the puddling or blooming processes, when the metal is soft and plastic. It is also necessary to sprinkle the outside plate, while it is red hot, with a little arsenic in addition; the sprinkling to be performed before completing the rolling—that is, before the two last entrances to the rollers; the poisoned plates are then well cleaned with strong acid, and are scrubbed with holy stone, and are immersed in a mixture of arsenic and spelter, tin, lead, or zinc. The necessary amount of arsenic varies from two to five per cent. of the iron, according as the quality of the latter varies.

PRODUCTION OF OIL, CANDLES AND SPIRIT FROM THE EARTH.—Mr. Stephen White, of Liverpool (the well-known patentee of the hydro-carbon gas, or gas from water), has succeeded in obtaining very singular and valuable products, applicable to a variety of useful purposes, from a peculiar oil which flows spontaneously from the earth into wells at Rangoon, in the Burmah Empire. These wells are in great number, and are about 150 feet deep. The oil flows into them continuously, and is drawn up by the Burmese in iron pots and collected. The annual produce of these springs of oil is upwards of 90,000 gallons; it is used by the natives for cooking, torchlights, and other domestic purposes. Mr. White has patented his invention. He subjects the crude oil to distillation in a novel and ingeniously-arranged series of stills, working together, the one into the other, which produces at the same time three distinct substances—viz., paraffine, perfectly solid; an oil and a spirit. The paraffine is obtained in very large quantities, and when purified is beautifully white and transparent. When made into candles it burns with a brilliancy unequalled by any other substance. The oil, when subjected to the purifying process, is obtained almost colorless and transparent, is extremely valuable for lubricating the fine machinery of the cotton, silk, linen and woolen manufactures; and has better lubricating properties than the finest sperm oil, which of late years has become scarce, and much adulterated with inferior oils. The patent oil affords a clear and powerful light when burned in a lamp; and has the singular property of preserving metals from the corrosive influence of the atmosphere, or salt water, &c.; when applied to the copper coating of ships, the preservative effect is very striking. The spirit, or eupion, affords an admirable light when used in a spirit-lamp; and has also valuable preservative effects when applied to telegraph wires, or other metals.

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THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WASHINGTON ART ASSOCIATION

will be held in the spacious Gallery of Mr. Concoran's Building, on H Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, and will open to the public on the 5th day of December next. An Address on the occasion will be delivered by the Hon. J. B. Tynan, of Pennsylvania. The Gallery will be ready for the reception of Pictures on the 10th of November, and works for Exhibition will be received until the 15th of December.

The Exhibition will continue for three months, during which time no work can be removed.

The expenses of transportation both ways will be borne by the Association, upon such works as may be forwarded by its own agents, or by artists to whom circulars may be addressed.

Every possible care will be taken of works loaned for exhibition; and for any loss or injury which they may sustain while on exhibition the Association will hold itself responsible.

It is particularly desirable that a brief description of the works intended for exhibition should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary before the 10th of December; and a card, bearing the title, name and residence of the artist, the price of the work, and the price, if for sale, should be attached to each contribution.

In case of the sale of any work of art deposited in the Gallery, a commission of ten per cent. will be charged by the Association. By order of the Board of Management.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 14, 1857.

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RADWAY & CO., 153 Fulton street, New York.

THERE are plenty of young gentlemen as well as plenty of old ones, whose beards are turning gray, which gives the former a great deal of uneasiness, and exposes the age of the latter. To avoid these little perplexities



FAWCETT, WHO HAS A VERY EXALTED IDEA OF THE SACREDNESS OF HIS DEAR ARABELLA'S PERSON, IS HORRIFIED AT THE MANNER SHE IS CARRIED ON BOARD OF THE PLEASURE BOAT, AND CONFOUNDED THAT HIS DIGNITY IS SACRIFICED BY A SIMILAR MODE OF TRANSPORTATION—ARABELLA CONSIDERS THE AFFAIR QUITE "A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE."

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Weapons of the Nicaraguan Warrior.
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Constance caressing Vere's Dog "Bold."
Vere asking Quarter of the Coach.
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The Gazette of Fashion.

What to Buy, and Where to Buy it.
General Description of Fashions.
Description of the Colored Engraving.
(Continued on fourth column.)

CONFAB.—"Bill, I want them five cents you owe me."

"I'm, I can't pay em."

"What's the matter with you, Bill?"

"Fact is, the New York City Banks is full of

suspenders, and I'm one of that kind. I've

stopped payment—but I've got a

dog to sell; long hair, black as ink,

a splendid tail, and queer ears.

Don't talk about them five cents,

but go in for the pup. Buy him,

Tom; and then there'll be a small

balance agin you, and I shall be

relieved from my embarrassments."

"Shan't do it."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I'm insolvent,

and hain't got the change. I must

have them five cents to meet my

liabilities."

"Well, I'll go to the bank, get

a note discounted, and pay you this

afternoon."

"What bank?"

"Sand Bank!"

"Sd again!"

A WAGGISH friend of ours tells

the following, which we do not re-

member to have seen in print: "A

certain man, whom we will call

M—, was noted for possessing

great courage and presence of mind,

and the crosser wife in the neigh-

borhood. More than one attempt

had been made to frighten M—,

without success; but one dark,

stormy evening, one of his brother

chips resolving to see if there was

any scare in him, fixed up, in the

most ghostly style possible, and

stationed himself in a lonely piece of

wood, through which M— had to

pass on his way home. The pre-

tended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his

position when M— hove in sight, and came

whistling along, unconcerned as usual. Suddenly

the ghostly figure confronted him, and in a sepul-

chral voice commanded him to stop. M—

did so, and after regarding him for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness: 'I can't stop, friend; if you are a man I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me; I married your sister.'



MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

COMFORTABLE ADVICE.—Dutch grocer to a little girl who objects to a Spanish quarter: "Dat yust as gute as any one—you yust take it to Cuba, and dey'll give you twenty-five cents for it!"



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